

A

Funeral Oration

ON THE

Most High, Most Excellent, and
Most Potent PRINCESS,

MARIE STUART,

QUEEN OF

England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, &c.

Recited by the Learned Author of
The Collection of Canons and New Pieces,
In his Third Tome, pag. 274.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for J. Dutton at the Raven in Jewen-street; and Sold
by Edmund Richardson near the Poultry-Church, 1695.

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NOTICE

1914

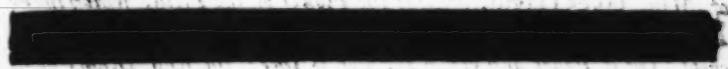
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Funeral Oration, &c.

*Favour is Deceitful, and Beauty is Vain; but
a Woman that feareth the Lord, she shall
be Praised, Prov. chap. 31. v. 30.*

WE cannot but wonder and be sensible of the works which Nature sets before our Eyes; but on the other side we must acknowledge that those Objects so lovely and worthy of our Admiration, are subject to Corruption, and that they fade away and Perish. *All things that are under the Sun shall Perish; and there is no longer any memory of things that are past; and those things that are to come, shall be forgotten by those that come after us, says Solomon in the Ecclesiastes.* Those Empires formerly so Vast and Potent, what are now become of 'em? The mighty Men and Potentates of the Earth, after they have made a noise in the World for Fifty or Threescore Years at most, whether do they retire? What is become of all their Grandeur and Luster? They are returned into the Earth from whence they came, and by a fatal necessity they instruct us, that

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All that is no more then Dust, must return to Dust. *The Days of Man, sayes David, are like the Flower of the Field, which in the Morning is clad with a Thousand lively Colours, but in the Evening it is crop'd, but it Fades and Withers; nor is there the least Beauty of it to be discovered by the Evening.* This is the fate of the things of this World. 'Tis then upon the meditation of their Vanity that they ought to reflect. 'Tis to the Consideration of Eternal Blessings that we ought to apply our selves, to the end we may learn so to govern our days, that we may be said to have a Heart of Wisdom and Understanding. *The fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom: A good Understanding have all they that do his Commandments; His Praise endureth for ever, Psalm 3. Favour is Deceitful and Beauty is Vain, but the Woman that feareth the Lord; she shall be Praised.* It may be justly said, that never any Person merited this Praise more then the *Most High, Most Excellent, and Most Potent Princess, MART STUART, Queen of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland.*

My Design is therefore to endeavour to set before your Eyes the surpassing Virtues of this great Queen, not only to excite your Admiration of that Piety, that Greatness of Soul, that prudent Conduct which she made appear in all her Actions, and in all her Words; but more especially to follow the Examples of Piety and Sanctity, of which we have been some part of Us the Eye-witnesses during her Life, and which she left us after her Death.

I must acknowledge my self altogether unable to undertake a task so far above my strength; only my Zeal for the Memory of this great Princess, and the great desire I had, that we should make the best benefit of a Life and Death so Holy and so Pretious in the sight of God, has engag'd me in despite of my self, and caus'd me to forget my weakness in going beyond the limits of my Character.

Think it not then strange if I observe not in this discourse, all the Methods and all the Rules of Art. Consider that there is something

something, I know not what, of Irregular in Sorrow and Affliction; and that it is not so much the work of my Wit as of my Heart; *it being out of the abundance of my Heart, that my Mouth speaketh.* Most Holy and Divine Spirit, who didst enliven this Pious Queen, enliv'n me now with a sacred Fire, to the end I may render serviceable to thy Glory, the Holy Examples which he hath given us, and that by the imitation thereof we may become more Prudent and more Pious.

Never fear it, 'tis not here my design, according to the Idea's of the Worldly Eloquence, to study for flattering Discourses, to give in this place false Phrases to false Virtues.

When we have for the subject matter of such discourses any one of those common and Worldly Lives. in whom we can find nothing to commend but the last motives of a long delay'd and almost fruitless Repentance, it is a difficult thing I must confess, if I may not say impossible, but that we must flatter Vanity, and confound Fortune with Virtue. But here all our trouble will be, that we shall not be able to find Elogies enow to set forth so many Virtues, nor Terms strong enough to express so many admirable Qualities where-with Nature and Grace seem'd to be at strife to accomplish this most incomparable Queen. What a Majesty and Grandeur in her Aire! What a sweetness! What a modesty in her Countenance! What a politeness in all her Manners! What Charming Graces in her Person! And these you know were the least things to be commended in her: For if we pass to the qualities of her Soul, what a large Field was there for Elegies, or rather what a subject of wonder and admiration! In the first Years of her Youth, this Princess displaid the best Natural disposition in the World, a sweet Humour, agreeable and always equall; a Heart upright and sincere; a solid and firm Judgment, and a Fiery beyond her Age. And it was upon this sincere report, that the great Prince who espous'd her, desired to be united to her, declaring, That *all the circumstan-*

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ces of Fortune and Interest did never engage him so much as those of her Person, and particularly those of her Humour and Inclination. A sentiment truly great, generous, prudent and Christian-like, and so much the more noble, and worthy to be observ'd, as being rare in great Personages, who regulate their Friendships only according to their Interests, and have neither so much Christianity nor niceness, as to consider that it is Virtue which produces and cherishes Friendship, and that when a Man is really a Man of worth, he can never be too attentive in making choice of the Person to whom he is to be ty'd all the Days of his life. However, this was the Care of the great Prince who espous'd her, and as his intentions were pure and upright, God heard his Prayers and his Wishes in giving him for a Consort, I will say, not only the most amiable and most accomplish'd Princess of *Europe*, but the most perfect of all Women that ever were in the World. Of whom we may say, that all Virtues were assembled together in her without any mixture of Vices. And in saying so, I say no more then what was the publick and unanimous Voice of all People; and of this Princess it is, that we may justly say, what is said in the *Proverbs*, *Many Daughters have done Virtuously, but thou excellest them all.*

Now in regard that all the Precepts of the Gospel are enclosed in these two things; love God with all thy Heart, and thy Neighbour as thy self, these were the two Essential things that comprehend so many others, which this Pious Soul most effectually studied. 'Twas by Reading and meditating upon the word of God, that her Soul was purified and exercised it self in the desires of Eternal Blessings. That we may be always with God, it behoves us to Read and Pray often. *God speaks to us in Scripture, and we speak to God in Prayer,* says *St. Austin*. The Reading of the Holy Scripture fills the Soul with light, and separating it from the Vanities of the World, raises it up to the Love of God. This our Pi-

ous Princess knew most admirable well, and this was that which she practic'd with a Devotion and Zeal, always worthy of Applause. With what respect, with what attention did she Read this Sacred and Divine word! With what Zeal and Fervency did she apply her self to Prayer! This is the accomplishment of Happiness, said *David*, *Happy is the Man who sets his Affection upon the Law of the Lord, and meditates upon it Day and Night. Happy he, who Addresses himself to thee. I lift up my self to thee, and I make my Prayer to thee in the Morning.* In this sacred Book it was, that this Pious Princess had learnt, that the only employment of the blessed in Heaven will be to adore God. *Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God who art, and will be for ever,* is the continual Song of the blessed Spirits above. You People of the World, who only conform your selves to the examples of the Grandees upon Earth, learn from the Pattern of the most solid and most Illustrious Piety that can be set before your Eyes, to make Prayer a most assiduous and regular Duty. Prayer is no way different from the Practice of other Virtues, and we attain to it by the same ways. 'Tis by a diligent Care and Practice, in applying the mind to the objects of Faith, in entertaining good Thoughts, and by endeavouring to excite in our selves Holy desires and Holy affections. Not but these means may be sufficient of themselves to cause them to grow in us; but because that God is pleas'd to conceal his supernatural Operations under those means that appear Human. *Knock and it shall be opened unto yee; ask and you shall receive.* The Queen's, great employments never hindered her one Day from being present at publick Prayers, which may be said to be the least time that she employed on that Duty. For how often in her Closet did she not humble her self before the King of Kings, in whose sight the King's of the Earth are but as Dust, to acknowledge how mean and despicable she was, *in comparison of him, before whom the Angels cover their Faces.* With what Humility did she

she not pay him Homage for all that she had, and for all that she was.

Nor can I pass over in silence the trouble and perplexity of this great Princess, when the Prince her August Husband, after redoubled solicitations from the English Nation, found himself constrain'd to pass over into *England*. Which way soever the Princess turn'd her self at that time, she beheld nothing on every side but occasions of fear and affliction. *France* and the King of *England* in League together, were upon the point of destroying the protestant Religion. This Republick saw themselves in imminent danger. The liberty of *Europe* was threatned with approaching Ruin. *England* in particular was in such an agitation as tended to a general Insurrection. The wrong'd and oppress'd People were resolv'd to hazard all, rather then see their Laws and their Religion overturn'd. In this extremity what was our Princess to do, but pray to God, as she did without ceasing, in the publick Churches, in her Chapel, privately in her Closet, that he would be pleas'd in order to the accomplishment of his Holy Will, to direct all things for his Glory, to the advancement of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ his Son, and the preservation of the lives of Two Princes, of which the one was her Father, and t'other was become another self, as being ty'd to her by the strongest ties on Earth. God heard her Prayers. Never was a Revolution of that importance with less Tumult, with more Calmness, and less Bloodshed. The People who had call'd in that great Prince for the support of their Laws and their Religion, receive him with loud Acclamations and Testimonies of their extraordinary joy. Afterwards K. *James* took upon him a Resolution to retire out of his Kingdom, without being oblig'd to it, and without the least violence offer'd to him. 'Twas to the prudent Conduct of the present King, and the Queens Prayers, that we are to ascribe the success and easiness of this miraculous Revolution through the dispensation of Divine Providence.

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They who had the Honour to be acquainted with the Character of this great Queen, well knew that the lustre of a Crown did never dazle her. No, never Princess of such an Illustrious Birth and Rank as hers, descended, as every body knows, from a long Race of Kings, and Ally'd to the greatest Princes of *Europe*, was endued with such a real Humility : And tho' she were more capable of Reigning then any Person of her Sex, and that she had given Testimonies of it in ticklish and difficult Conjunctions, and tho' she performed that burthen some employment, so much to the satisfaction of the English as will cause her to be always belov'd and lamented by that Nation, nevertheless there was a real sorrow to be perceived in her Countenance, that she was to quit this Country to which she had been accustomed, and to whom the pleasantness of it appeared so charming, where she had been respected, caress'd, esteem'd, and if I may presume to say it, ador'd by all the World ; where while she led a calm and pleasing Life, she has been heard to say, and I have heard her my self, when she was congratulated upon her advancement to the Crown, *That many times, so much Grandeur was a burth u. That in such Stations People liv'd with less content to themselves then others, and that she should wish she were in Holland again.* And indeed she had Reason to say so : For it may be said of those that Govern, that they resemble the Stars that shine with a bright luster, but are never at rest. And this repose it is which being made so good a use of as she was wont to do, that is so beneficial for those that desire to take care of their Salvation.

'Twas this desire of her Salvation which estrang'd her so fervently from the things of this World, and which caus'd her to think so often of her end. 'Twas this Idea of unavoidable death, which this devout Soul still set every day before her Eyes, looking upon it, as attended and accompany'd with the Sentence of God, that will in that very no-

ment either pronounce for or against us, an Eternity of Glory, or an Eternity of Misery and Damnation. Come Luke-warm Souls, unworthy Souls that think you have done enough for your Salvation, and who, over-ru'd by the multiplicity of your Affairs and your Pleasures, delay your Conversion till the last minutes of your gasping breath, come and learn by the Example of a great Queen, that the most Eminent, the most difficult, the most indispensable employments ought never to make us forget the grand affairs of Salvation, and the formidable Judgment of the last day. *I have let no day pass*, said the Pious Queen, when they told her what a dangerous condition her Life was in; *I have let no day pass without thinking upon Death*. So that she did not look upon it, as the people of the World are wont to look upon it, with dread and Horrour, but she lookt upon it after a Most Christian-like manner, as the end of her time, and the happy entrance into Eternity. 'Twas this Reflexion upon the shortness of Life, and the inconceivable Diuturnity of Eternal Bliss, which wrought in her this Effect, that she was not taken with any thing of Temporal Grandeur, but that she had a high esteem of Eternity. She had frequently thought upon that Sentence which will be pronounced to every one of us at the hour of Death. *You shall be no more*. A fatal Sentence for so many people, a Terrible decree, of which Death it self is to be the Executioner. But they who, like her, think and meditate upon death in their Life time, die not when they die, death being no more to them then the Beginning of Life.

This Pious Queen meditating upon death and the duties of Christianity, had learnt in the Sacred Scriptures, that the Love of our Neighbour necessarily attends the Love of God, and that the Glorious promises of Life Eternal, are only made to those who are useful to Mankind; either by Instruction, or by Succour or Assistance. 'Twas this Charity which

which is so highly recommended in Holy Scripture; by the Saviour of the World, which this Pious Queen exercised with so much care and so much Zeal. Whatever represented it self to her Eyes as a suffering Person, was the object of her Compassion and her Charity. With what goodness did she still inform her self of the wants of necessities of those that were in Affliction? With what care did she order 'em to be provided for? Her Alms had no other Bounds then those which God had given to the Grandeur of her Power. *We have seen Tears in her Eyes, for sorrow that she could not do so much as she desir'd.* With what Goodness, I will not say of a Princess and a Queen, but of a Mother; did she take particular Accompts, and make particular Enquiries for the succour of Poor Families, Parents over-burthen'd with a great number of Children, Children depriv'd of their Parents, Aged People without any relief of Children or Kindred? But more especially, with what Goodness, with what Tenderneſs, did she interest her self in the Distresses and Want of a great number of Persons of Quality, who had generously quitted their Country, their Dignities, their Estates, their Relations, to follow Jesus Christ, rather then do any thing to wrong their Consciences. You know it, you that weep, you that with so much reason lament a loss so great, so overwhelming and so highly deserving your Moans and Lamentations. I can not disapprove the Tears you shed, let 'em have their free course; if ever Person merited the Effects of your sorrow, without doubt 'twas this August Queen: But set 'em however their just bounds, and remember that 'tis the decree of Heaven, and that we ought to yield an entire and profound submission to what ever comes from thence.

Let us take care to appease the Wrath of God justly provoked against us, which becom'd us of this Pious Queen, of which the World was not worthy. If we desire to do any thing pleasing to God, acceptable to the memory of this Good and Charitable

Charitable Princess; let us make good use of this Example of Charity which she has shew'd us while she remained among us in this World; let us renounce all manner of Pride and Vanity; and if we have any thing to spare from our Necessities, let us employ it well, let us be Charitable as much as in us lies, Let us Love our Divine Saviour in the Persons of the Poor who represent him, so that he may say to us, at the Great Day, as he has said to the Queen, *I was a dry and ye gave me to drink, I was a Hungry and ye gave me to Eat, I was a Stranger and you Rescu'd me, &c. Verily I say unto you, for as much as you have done it to one of these little ones ye have done it to me, Come and enjoy the Kingdom which was prepared for ye from the Beginning of the World.*

'Twas this Charity that made her shut her Eares against Calumny and Backbiting. Never durst any one speak ill of any body before the Queen. Neither Flattery nor Calumny, two of the most dangerous Pests of Sovereign Courts, durst never open their Mouths in her Presence. Slander was utterly bannish'd from her sight and Hearing. *I abominate the Secret Slanderer, and him that is double Tongu'd, for he is the Destruction of several that liv'd in Peace,* says the Wise Man. And indeed it is not enough for Great Persons not to be Slanderers, but they must never shew any marks of their taking Pleasure in Slander; let it be deliver'd with never so much Wit and quaintness. For what do they do by their Complacencies and encouraging smiles, but animate the Slanderer, and warm the malicious Serpent, that his malignant Sting may pierce more surely and more to the quick. Let 'em Understand that they are no less the Assassins of their Brethren, when by their Cruel Abettings, they sharpen the weapon that runs 'em through; then if they stroke the Fatal blow themselves that made the Mortal Wound. Lord says David, *Who shall abide in thy Tabernacle? He that is pure in his Life, whose actions are just, who speaks always according to Truth, who Slanders not his Neighbour,*

Neighbour, and who lends not his Ear to the Backbiter. This is then one more Encomium which it behoves us to give the Queen, and which you, who had the Honour to be near her Person, knew that she most justly deserved. Let us endeavour to imitate her in this as well as the rest of her Admirable Virtues.

If I make it thus my business to set before your Eyes, the Virtues of this Queen, 'tis because they were those which She particularly Caressed; and because they are also in reality solid Virtues, and the Foundations of all the rest. But if she possessed 'em in an eminent Degree, it may be said without Flattery, that there are few persons in the World, that had for their share a greater number of those which the World so highly boasts of, and which without doubt are very agreeable and most useful to persons of Quality, and particularly to those that are so highly exalted above others.

Besides that Beauty, that Majesty, that comely Grace, that noble Aire which accompany'd every thing she did; She had together with a solid Judgment, a Polite and pleasing Wit. She was extremely addicted to reading, and had made good use of it. She gave a Sound Judgment of mens Writings, and the Products of Wit, but with an extraordinary Modesty, which made her frequently demand the Opinion of others, rather than give her own Judgment. Her Conversation was easie, and she gave a pleasing Turn to every thing she said, she spake French and Dutch with the same readiness as English. And when there happen'd to be persons about her of those three Nations, that understood no other then their own Language, which happen'd almost every day, she spoke sometimes one, then another Language, with a Surprizing readiness, and without ever mistaking, which is very Extraordinary, and so well ordered her business, in speaking to every one in their turn, that never any Body departed from her presence but was extremely satisfied; and

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charm'd with her obliging behaviour. She also wrote as she spoke a free and natural Hand: She was very well read in History, she was likewise a Lover of French Authors, and understood all the Delicacy of that Language.

She was perfectly well instructed in Religion; and having had frequent Discourses with Learned and able Divines, she had greatly advantag'd her self by their knowledge. So that it may be truly said that the Devotion was an enlighten'd Devotion, Sincere and far remote from Superstition and all manner of Ostentation.

However a Considerable time was requisite to accomplish all this; and therefore there was something of admirable in the Diligence of this Excellent Queen, and very Extraordi-

** She was wont
to rise by six a
clock in the
morning in Win-
ter and Sum-
mer.*

nary in a Person of her Sex, her Age and Degree: For she spent every hour of the day to profit and advantage, far different from most People, who covetous of many things, are so prodigal of that little time which is left 'em, and which is so burthensome to 'em, that they seek always to waste it. Who is able to apprehend two things so opposite? So much Love for Life, and so little esteem for the time that Limits it.

But I return to my Subject; and I must tell ye, that besides this knowledge and these Lights that the Queen had acquir'd; she has a good relish in general, which gave her the advantage to find out in things, that which was good, and to observe that which was bad; she was able justly to distinguish, and she had a high esteem for Persons of merit and Piety. And it may be truly said, that those Persons that she Honour'd with her particular Confidence and Esteem, are Persons of solid and distinguished worth; therefore she highly cherish'd 'em, and whatever business she had, she wrote to 'em from time to time with her own Hand: Together with all this: Her Inclinations were admirable; she was generous
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Charitable, Good, Liberal and Beneficent beyond Expression. So that she was belov'd, not as usually Great Personages are belov'd, out of Interest, or Necessity, or Policy; for she had in that the same Advantage that Private Persons have, to be belov'd by Choice, by Esteem, by Inclination, and because she was altogether Amiable.

Never was the Esteem and Affection which all the World had for this Great Princess so well understood, as when she departed for *England*. Every Body pressed to make their Addresses to her, and tho' she were going to receive a Crown, the sorrow that the People had to see that she must leave 'em, made 'em forget their joy that so much Grandeur and Honour was preparing for her. The People crowded in throngs from distant Cities: They brought their little Children to see her, to make 'em Admire her, to make 'em remember her, and to wish her the Blessing of Long Life and Prosperity with their Undeiled and Innocent Mouths. When she parted from the *Hague* all the People throng'd in Heapes the Court to the Coaches could not pass; every Body Wept, and every Body loaded her with Benedictions and tender wishes. All the People attended her to the Sea, and the Sky resounded with the loud Cries and Farewel Acclamations of the Multitude. And indeed when these sort of Demonstrations of Love and Affection happen, more especially in Republicks, where the People are not obliged to testify what they have in their Hearts, it must be acknowledg'd, that these loud Cries, these good Wishes and Benedictions are the Voice of the Heart, or rather the Voices which Merit and Virtue produced in the Heart, and caus'd to issue forth from as many Lips as there were Persons.

But besides the good Qualities peculiar to those of her Sex, it may be said, that she had a Ripe and Solid Judgment, and a surprizing Capacity for the management of Affairs, and which caus'd the Admiration of Foreign Ministers. This
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Great Queen in a Word was endued with all the Virtue, and all the Charms of the most Virtuous and Amiable Women, and all the Merit and Capacity of the most Famous Men. This, next to God, was your Workmanship, Great and Magnanimous Hero, who having made choice of this Princess, a Princess after your own heart, took pleasure in making it your business to bring to perfection such happy Inclinations, and instructed her in the Great Art of Ruling, so difficult for those that are desirous to acquit themselves as you do.

'Twas with so good a second that this Great King shar'd the Government, leaving to her the Conduct at Home while he was oblig'd to cross the Seas, and put himself at the Head of a League, of which he was the soul and *Primum Mobile*. What was then the Employment of our Pious Queen? She redoubled her Vows and Prayers to Heaven, and in the midst of her Alarms and Fears for the Preservation of a Person so dear to her, she kept her self at the foot of the Mystical Ladder, where her Prayers and the Answers to 'em were as so many Angels continually Ascending and Descending to and from Heaven. But then you saw her at the Helm of Government, issuing forth her Orders like a Prudent and Politic Princess, and truly worthy the Great King with whom she was Associated; and whose Genius and Maxims she observed. Yet with so much Discretion and Reservedness, that when there fell out any thing of Delicate and Unexpected, upon which she could have time to consult the Great Prince her real Oracle, she always did it. With what Transports of joy did she behold the return of this Great Monarch! After he had been exposing himself to guard all *Europe* from the Slavery, into which, in all human probability, it was falling, without the Interposition of his Resistance. What Satisfaction, what Gladness on his Part, to Reimbrace the Object of all his Esteem and all his Tenderness! What Acclamations! What shouts of Joy! How were the People charm'd to behold
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the Reunion of two Persons of such an exalted Merit, of so rare a Virtue, and so Unanimously ty'd together for the preservation of their Religion, their Laws and their Country! And then it was, that this great Princess surrendering her Scepter and Royal Authority into the Hands of her August Husband, betook her self again to reading and resum'd usual Employments, like that Roman so Famous in History, who after he had led Armies and won Victories, returned to manure his small Farm, with the same Humility as if he had never won Battle, or merited Triumph.

But if this Great Princess were admir'd while she held the Reins of Government, she was yet more to be admir'd when she retir'd to her Privacies, where the more nearly she was known, the more she was belov'd esteem'd and respected. She carry'd her self toward all whose Protectrix she was! What an Affliction to so many poor People to whom she was a Bountiful Mother! What a Blow! What a cruel Blow to a Prince, who having such a Sincere and immaculate Friendship for such a Virtuous Consort, grounded upon Esteem and Merit, feels his Bowels rent and his Heart pierced through with a Thousand Darts, in loosing a Dear Companion the only Object of his Tendernefs and Inclination. She in whose Bosom he confided his Secrets; with whom he comforted himself in his Sorrows, and Rejoyced in his Prosperities, and who had for him the most profound Veneration, the most Sincere Affection, and a Friendship the most Ardent and Tender that could be imagin'd. Thus this Great Heart that was never known to be Greater nor more Constant than in misfortunes, was cast down by this Fatal Stroke, that took her for ever from his sight. Fatal Minute, Sorrowful Minute for him and for us; but happy for her, who is now entered into the Possession of Eternal Glory. Let all the Veneration, all the Zeal, all the Affection which we had for these two August Persons whom Heaven it self had brought

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together

together, be now united in Hero who still remains among us. His Interests are ours, his Misfortunes ours, His Advantages ours, His Prosperities ours, and in a word our State depends upon him. Let us pray to God to Comfort, Preserve and Bless him. Let us accompany his designs with our Prayers, our Vows and our best Wishes, and with all that lies in our Power. But if we desire that our Prayers and our Vows may be heard, let us put our selves into a Condition, that that we may hope to obtain a Gracious answer. Let us use all our Endeavours to perform the Duties that Christianity enjoys us, and by observing the Commands of God we shall fulfil the Vows of this Pious Queen, who concern'd her self with so much goodness to all those who had quitted their Country for the sake of Religion. Piety and the Glory of God which she had always before her Eyes, made her continually wish that Persons who had shew'd their Zeal and Affection to the Service of God, might do nothing but what became the Character of that Zeal which had enclin'd 'em. Let us fulfil these Wishes, so just and so Christian like. The Incorruptible Crown of Glory shall not be given to him that begins, but to him that perseveres. Let us therefore Labour our Zeal and Fervency while we may, to the end we may find Grace and Mercy at the day of our Death; and that we may be made Partakers of that Bliss and Eternal Glory which now the Queen enjoys. That Queen who because she was a Woman that truly feared the Lord, deserves far greater Praises then we have been able to give her.

*This is the Sense
of a Letter
which the Queen
wrote a little
before she fell
Sic, to Made-
moiselle de
Moussay.*





AN
ORATION

OF

Peter Francius,

UPON THE

FUNERAL of the Most August Princess

MARY II.

QUEEN of Great Britain, France
and Ireland.

Pronounc'd at *Amsterdam*, in the Old Dutch-Church, March
5. 1694. the very Day she was buried.

Done into English from the Latin Original.

L O N D O N.

Printed for John Danton at the Raven in *Jewen-street*, and are
also to be Sold by *Edm. Richardson* near the *Poultry-Church*.
MDCXCV.

A short P R A Y E R,

Seeing I am ascended into this Place, appointed for Divine Worship, and preaching the Word of God, not of my own accord, nor rashly of my own head, but by the Command of the most Honourable Consuls, what more just and reasonable, what indeed more necessary, than that turning our Faces from men to God, we should begin with a Prayer address'd to him, to whom the Heathens themselves, far remote from the true Worship of God, always thought it proper to make their Invocations at the Threshhold of their Labours?

THEE therefore, Omnipotent and Eternal God, without whose aid we can undertake nothing auspiciously, with a mind no less submissive and prostrate, than Body, I implore and supplicate, that thou wilt vouchsafe to look upon this my Oration, not sacred indeed, however neither impious nor prophane, nor misbecoming the Sanctimony of this Place, with a Gracious and Favourable Countenance: And while I rehearse and commemorate, not so much the Praises, as the Vertues of a most Pious and Religious Princess; not so much her Merits, as thy Benefits; that thou wouldst deign to afford me that Constancy, that modesty, which the Reverence of this Place, and the Dignity of the Subject requires from me: Pour down upon me thy Spirit, and inspire me with a sparkle of that Celestial Fire, wherewith of old thou didst enliven thy Apostles, those Divine Interpreters of thy will; touch my Tongue, kindle my Breast, and so Enlighten my mind, so temper my words, that I may utter nothing but what is Grave and Serious, and befitting this Place, that I may be enabl'd with a be-fitting Fervency, to Celebrate the Obsequies of this Princess, to set forth her Vertues, and bring to the Propounded End the Work by me begun, and fulfil the Duty laid upon me, if not with an Applause and Commendation becoming the Subject, yet without disgrace and contempt.

Funeral Oration

O F

Peter Francius, &c.

AN D was this, this then the only disaster that remained to compleat our Calamities, and the Miseries of this Republick, continued for so many Years, that in this Condition of Affairs, the War still raging, and, like a Conflagration, every where Consuming, the support of our Defence, the Consolation of this Affliction, the no less Best than Greatest of Queens, MARY, should be violently extorted from the World ! Breathless, Breathless she lies, she that was the most Wise and Prudent Governess of the *Brittish* Empire and of this Republick; and in the half way Race of her Life, in the highest Station of Honour, in the brightest splendour of Fortune, that far shining Constellation is extinguish'd. Give Credit, Noble Auditors, if not to Fame, which rarely in bad tidings deceives us, if not to your Ears, that so often have heard the sad, yet too true News, however to your Eyes; you have before your Eyes the sorrowful Prospect. The Obsequies are novv prepared; the Queen is novv carried Forth; and vvhatsoever in her vvvas Corporeal, Frail, Mortal or Terrestrial, is novv committed to Enterment and the Earth. The day is come, is come, the fatal dismal day has spread a gloomy light o're all the World, that has vvithdrawn from our sight the Noble Domicil of her Soul, the Habitation of all

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Vertues,

Vertues, that sweet and amiable Queen, the love of the *British* Nation the delight of ours, and now she sleeps among her Ancestors. All *London* follows the Funeral Pomp, and Enters the Royal Spoiles. Sorrow makes her way through all the Cities of *Britain*; nor will she be confin'd within the Limits of one Kingdom; It crosses the Sea, and ranges through all the Cities of Confederate *Belgium*; All places are fill'd with the Sounds of Mournful Knells, with weeping, lamentation and mourning, and every one displays the Convictions of his Grief. What a number of mournful Elegies? How many Sermons in Churches, how many Orationes in Academies, and what variety in their complaints? 'Tis a common Lamentation, and a Publick Sorrow. *Franker, Utrecht, Leyden*, and this City, the most spacious of all the Rest, this City also is a witness of the Universal Sorrow.

Prudently therefore, and no less deeply concern'd, as the Illustrious Governours of those Academies, so the most Honourable Presidents of this *Gymnasium*, and the most Honourable Consuls of this City, in this City also, under their own Jurisdiction, and most Flourishing *Emporium* of the whole World, thought requisite to Command a *Funeral Oration* in Honour of the most Serene and Potent Queen of *England*, and made choice of this Day and Place to Solemnise this Ceremony with so much the more numerous Concurrence of People. And indeed what Day more Conspicuous, or more Pompous than the same which is set apart, and chosen by the King's Council for Publick Lamentation, and the Funeral Ossequies of the Queen? What place more fit than this most Sacred and Religious, than this the most spacious Church within these Walls? Where could a Princess, so Pious and Religious, so devoted to God, during the whole course of her Life, be more worthily Applauded, than in this Place, consecrated to God and his Sacred Worship?

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Where did she deserve more properly to be Extoll'd, than in the Church, which she Erected in her most Pious Breast, and the most pure recesses of her Heart, a Structure most acceptable to God, and a most Beautiful Temple? What more agreeable and Consistent to Reason, than that the Encomiums of this Princess should be sounded forth from this Pulpit, from whence the word of God is continually Preach'd to the People, and the Oracles and Decrees of Heaven are daily Promulgated; She who so willingly, and so assiduously frequented sacred Sermons, and fram'd the whole course of her Life according to those Divine Admonitions and Precepts, and according to that Rule and Method. And I could wish that the most Noble Fathers could behold a Person no less fit to speak, than the Time and Place is fit for Audience; who when they laid this task upon me, impos'd a Greater Burthen upon me than my Shoulders are able to bear. For it is a Burthen both difficult and Ponderous, and almost surpassing Human Strength, to set forth the Praises of a Princess so transcendently Excelling, so Absolute in all Perfections, so Adorn'd with all sorts of Vertue; that is, to Extol Vertue it self.

But it behov'd us to Obey; for neither this Obedience to our Governours, nor this Duty to the Queen, was to be denied. For if that once Victorious and wide Commanding People, paid this last Honour to Illustrious Persons, and such as well deserv'd of the Republick; if to their Parents, and those Related to 'em by any Tye of Blood or Consanguinity, and propos'd their Vertues and Endowments as Patterns and Examples to be followed by themselves, whom shall we deem more worthy of this Honour, or more deservedly Extol, than the best of Princesses, not recommended to us by any single Vertue? For what Person more Illustrious than the Queen? Who better deserv'd at our Hands than she? Who ever Cherish'd and foster'd us with a more Material Affection,

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on, than the Publick Parent and Common Mother of us all? What VVoman e're set us an Example of more or greater Vertues, who was her self a Living Exemplar of all Vertue?

Seeing then no Woman ever left behind her a more plentiful Subject for true Panegyrick, nor a juster cause to bewail her Loss, unanimously join with me most noble Auditors, and let us pay that last and only Duty to a Queen so well and highly always deserving at our Hands, which our Gratitude and her deserts demand. I behold your Aspects, I view your Countenances and your Eyes, and Sorrow painted forth in every one: I behold your sable Garments, the Pulpit hung with Mourning, and methinks I see the Representation of that time, when the renowned and valiant *Michael Adrian Ruytir*, that Thunderbolt of War, that terrour of the Ocean, was the Theam of my Funeral Encomiums, and the Hero, whose Obsequies I had the Honour to solemnize. And if that Grief were just and lawful, if his Fall were dismall to the Republick, how much more just is our Sorrow now, how much deeper is the Wound which the Commonwealth has received by the Death of this Princess. This Dart has pierc'd so much more inwardly and deeply to the Marrow, and our Sorrow is so much the more grievous, by how much the more Illustrious the Person was whom we deplore. Certainly we have sustain'd a most unspeakable loss, not to be expiated by many Victories; nor has the loss been more detrimental to *England* then to those our Provinces. Both Nations at the same time now pay their last Duties, and their last Honours to her Memory. Let us accompany the Royal Funeral, and as far as it is in our povver, follow her to the Grave it self. And since vve cannot pretend to behold that Solemnity vvith our Corporeale Eyes, let us set before the Eyes of our Minds those Vertues and

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Endowments with which she was so richly stor'd, and let us view with the Eyes of Contemplation what was illustrious and Memorable, what was Amiable, Splendid, Transcendent, and truly Royal from the Beginning to the Exit of her Life. Which while I endeavour to perform, Think not, noble Auditors, that I intend to implore your favourable Attention. This numerous Concourse promises me that already: The Theam of my Oration assures me of it more. For who but had a Love for a Princess so Amiable, and who but will honour with his Love a Woman that so highly honour'd all us with her Affection.

Think not that I shall ascribe false Praises to her, or that I shall make use of any Adulteration, or Caresses of gaudy Words in extolling her: who condemn'd all Adulation, and Counterfeit Ornament. I will give her her own true, proper, due Praises; and only crop the chiefest Heads of her most signal Vertues, it being impossible for me to make a full display of all.

Come on then, fellow Citizens and Countrymen, come on, if any present, Forreigners and Strangers: attend these great Obsequies; you never attended, never shall attend greater, and unfold with me the Birth, the Life, the Death of a Queen, the most renown'd in the World.

And that we may begin from her Cradle, the most August Queen was born in the sixty second Year of this Age, upon the tenth of May; James then Duke of York, and the Lord Chancellor's Daughter being her Parents. If Splendor of Birth can add anything of Reputation to her, what place more famous than *London*, the most celebrated Emporium of all *England*, and of all *Europe*? What Family more illustrious than that of the *Stuarts*, which plac'd both *James* and *Charles*, and this his Renown'd Niece upon the most August Throne of *Great Britain*? And has diffus'd the

Splendour of its Race into all parts of the Earth. But as it was both Noble and Great, to be descended from an Illustrious Country and Family, so was it much more Noble, much more Great to have adorn'd them with her own Vertues, and to have added new Splendor to 'em. For neither had the Family of the *Stuarts* ever a more excellent Woman, nor the *British* Empire a more Excellent Princess; who gave more Honour, more Glory to the Royal Dignity then she receiv'd from it; and as far excell'd all other Queens, as Queens exceed Private Women.

Many, and conspicuous were the Prognosticks of a true and far from counterfeited Piety, that glitter'd in her, and shin'd forth in the early dawn of her Infancy. For when in her tender Years she had lost an excellent Mother, and under the tuition of Persons less concern'd, was deliciously bred up in a Court full of all manner of Pleasure and Voluptuousness, such was always her Constancy, such her Temperance, and Modesty, that no Example of others, no Allurement of Vice, no Contagion of Neighbouring Courts could force her to go astray from the right Path. *Charles* the Second cherish'd these sparks of Vertue, and Seeds of Piety, and that he might alienate her from the *Roman* Ceremonies, commanded her to be instructed in the Fundamentals of the true Reform'd Religion by the Bishop of *London*, which he so happily laid, and she so cordially imbib'd, that she could never be shaken by any Treacherous Insinuations, any Promises or Threats, any Punishments or Rewards; choosing rather to dye, then never so little to reced from the Truth, wherein she had been grounded.

After she had spent the rest of her Childhood in those Studies, by which generous and illustrious Souls are rais'd to the Expectations of great Fortune, and had abundantly furnish'd herself as well with Christian as with Royal Vertues, in the fifteenth year of her Age, she was auspiciously Marry'd

Marry'd to *William* the third of that Name, Prince of *Orange*, Governour of those our United Provinces, a Prince no less renown'd for his Vertues, and his far fam'd Achievements, then for the Images of his Ancestors, and a long Series of Pedigree. *William* Marries *Mary*, a Kinsman a Kinswoman; and thus by a double Tye, and a firmer Knot then hitherto, the most noble Families of all *Europe* are joyn'd together. She, for her Ancestors claims the Family of the *Stuarts*; he, the *Nassavian* Race; She, the Monarchs of *Great Britain*; He, the Governours of *Germany*, and the *Cesars* themselves.

The Nuptial Solemnities being over, the Royal Bride cross'd over out of *England* into these Parts, together with her Husband, and chose for her Seat and Residence, the *Hague*, the most pleasant and delightful place, not only of *Holland*, but almost of all *Europe*, first of all the Seat of the Counts of *Holland*, afterwards of the Princes of *Orange*, and native Country of this Prince; where belov'd of all Men, and fix'd in the Good-will of all the People propensely devoted to her, for the space of some Years, she so charmingly and affectionately liv'd with her Husband, the best of Men, and no less cordially affectionate to her, not only without the least contention or quarrel, but without the least suspicion of Luke-warmness, that she might well be said to be a conspicuous example of Conjugal Affection, not only to Kings, and Princes, and Men in high Degree, but also to private Persons. By which Matrimonial Conjunction, not only the Persons who contracted it, but both People and Nations, and the Countries themselves, otherwise divided by the Sea and the Interflowing Ocean, were combin'd together by a stronger League of Friendship and Society then before, and a stricter tye of Amity.

After some Interval of Time, when they who bare ill will to our Princes and us, to Liberty and Religion; and
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more especially to this Republick, stirr'd up new Troubles in *England*, and the Nobility of the Kingdom call'd to their Aid our Prince, who was only able to apply a Remedy to the growing Mischief; and that our most undaunted Hero, undertaking a vast and absolutely *Herculean* Labour, such as will scarce find credit with Posterity, not without a Miracle altogether divine, while he strove one way, and the Winds drove another, at length waisted over with favourable Gales and Wisbes, safely arriv'd in *England*, and without Resistance, but rather with the general Applause of the Nation, and as it were born upon the Shoulders of the People, came to the Royal City: when afterwards he invited his dearest Consort, then the Companion of his Bed, now of his Kingdom, to partake of the Honour offer'd him; and the Dignity soon after to be conferr'd upon him; and the equal share of his Fortune, in the eighty ninth Year of this Age, luckily and auspiciously both Husband and Wife were declar'd King and Queen, with equal Power and Authority by the common Vote and Suffrage, and unanimous Consent of both Houses.

What was then the Grief of these People, when not without sighs and Tears, and Sobs interrupted with grief, when a Princess so dearly beloved, set Sail from this Shoar, and left this her so well belov'd Country, never to return: What was then the Joy of those People, when she arriv'd upon the *English* Coast; when the Citizens of *London* beheld their Future Queen, what Crouding, what Applauses, what Acclamations, is more easie to be imagin'd than to be related, or comprehended in Words.

But when the King was to subdue *Ireland*; when our Great General was frequently to cross the Seas, in order to withstand the Common Enemy of *Europe*; with what prudence did she administer the Grand Affairs? how wisely, and advisedly govern the Kingdom, and with what Magnanimi-

ty confirm the Minds of the People? Witness that Dismal and Fatal Day, when upon the Tydings of the Navy shatter'd at Sea, and of the threatned Invasion of the Enemy by Land, like an Armed *Minerva*, she rode through the City, rais'd the dejected Spirits of the People, restored Life and Courage to all, and muster'd her self the Soldiers design'd for the Guard of the Coasts. Witness *Havre de Grace*, and that other Town upon the Coast of *France*, by the Courage of the *English* Fleet which her industrious Care set forth, laid in Ruines, and thunder'd into Ashes. Witness Both Houses of Parliament, that return'd Thanks to their Queen upon that occasion, and openly and publicly express'd the sentiments of their Hearts in words at large. So that the *English* were hardly sensible of the absence of their King; nor nor was there any thing which they wanted, but only the Person of the King.

Thus for several Years this Royal Heroess held a Divided Empire between her Royal Husband and her self. She rul'd *England*, while *William* govern'd *Belgium*, till toward the end of the preceeding Year, she began to sink under the first Assaults of a Terrible Disease; which tho it slacken'd at the Beginning, afterwards every Day prevailing more and more, and the fatal hour approaching, after she had bid adieu to Royal Pomp and all Earthly Affairs, she betook her self to pious meditations, plac'd her only hopes in God alone, and to him commended her soul.

In the mean time, together with several others of the same Order, the Pious and most Reverend Archbishop of *Canterbury*, Dr. *Tennison*, visited her, who observing how dangerously ill she was, and for that Reason, with pious and wholesome Exhortations, putting her in mind of her approaching End, with an undaunted Countenance, she return'd him this masculine and truly royal expression, *I am not now to prepare for Death; it has been my study all the days of my Life.* Then the Arch-

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bishop gave her the Memorial of the Divine Body, the Sacrament of our *Militia*. Which having received, after she had given her last, and never to be repeated Embraces to her most Dear Husband, she compos'd her self altogether to die, and between the sixth and seventh of *January*, about midnight, in the Royal Palace of *Kensington*, piously and placidly expiring, surrender'd her chaste soul to God, as became so Devout a Princess.

Oh Black and Dismal Night ! O horrid Day that followed, and blacker than the Night it self ! Fallacious Hopes ! and Vain Cogitations, even of Kings themselves ! The *Hero*, footy with the Dust and Smoak of War, and tyr'd with the Labours of a Tedious Campaign, delighted in the Embraces of his Beloved Consort, and thought to have wasted the Winter Hours in her Society. But his Wishes were disappointed : Instead of Joy he meets with Sorrow, Mourning instead of Applause, and finds a Funeral where he thought to have met a Wife. His otherwise Invincible Courage, gives way to Raging Grief; and he who had so often contemn'd the Bullets and Swords of his Enemies; he who dreaded neither Flames nor Steel, nor Death it self, Languishes, Falls, and Swoons away upon the Death of his Dearest Queen. He remembers himself to be but a *King*, finds himself a Man, and not unwilling, acknowledges the Excess of his Grief. *Miserable man that I am*, said he, *I have lost the best of Women, and the most pleasing Companion of my Life!*

Nor was that so much the Exposing of Love as of Truth it self : For all that knew her, acknowledg this Queen to have been the best and most Excellent of Women, endur'd with all Royal and Christian Virtues, and Adorn'd with all the Graces both of Body and Mind.

And altho these Blessings of the Mind are really solid and sempiternal Blessings, far to be prefer'd before the Perfections of the Body ; yet Vertue shines more Beautifully, and more

more pleasingly insinuates it self into us from a Graceful and Beautiful Body, after a manner not to be express'd. Which if it be true in private Persons, how much more in Princes, in whom that Excellency and Grace of Body charms and adds to the Allurements of Dignity by unknown and secret Insinuations. For seeing that the most Beautiful Workmanship of God is Man, and the more excellent part of Man is the Mind; how rare a thing and how transcendent is it to carry a beautiful Mind in a beautiful Structure of Body, and to how few Mortals doth that perfection happen? But in the Queen both these Perfections were Eminent. For she had a structure of Body to Admiration; Taller than usual, well shap'd, well proportion'd, and Majestick. Correspondent to her Body was her Face, becomming Empire and Command. A radiant Beauty overspread her Countenance, and the Concomitants of Beauty, Grace, a Royal Majesty, and a certain severity, temper'd with a mild serenity: You might know her to be a Queen by her Aspect. But a much nobler guest Inhabited this Domicil; a mind more Lovely than her Body; from whence, as from a perpetual Fountain, and a certain unexhausted Spring, all other both Royal and Christian Vertues exuberantly Flow'd; which how many, how transcendent and Illustrious they were, their Enumeration and Contemplation will make manifest.

In the first place, How extraordinary was her understanding and her insight into all Affairs? How quick and smart her judgment in discerning? How great her Memory in retaining? With what a Fortitude endow'd in undertaking? With what a Resolution to Execute? What an Elevation of mind? On the other side, how Mild, how Gentle, how Clement, how Courteous? How Affable? How Good, and what an inbred and natural Benignity towards all Men? How Prudent and Wise in administering the Affairs of the Kingdom? How severe and just in the determination of
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Differences? In the Distribution of Punishments and Rewards? How munificent and liberal to the Poor? How singularly modest? How frugal and temperate in the midst of the Temptations of Life, and in the Pleasures of a Court? That hardly ever any private Person less indulg'd her self, than a Princess advanced to such an Illustrious Station of Honour and Dignity.

But nothing was more Illustrious in her, nothing more commendable, or more deserving Admiration and Encomium, among so many and so great Vertues, than that primary and above all transcending Vertue, real and sincere Piety, which the wisest of Kings adjudg'd to be the beginning of all Wisdom. There was nothing which she esteem'd more Religiously incumbent upon her, than to serve the Immortal God, and be assiduous in his Worship; to defend, maintain and propagate, with all the Force of her Kingdom, the true Religion purg'd and purified from Idols and Superstition. Nor was it her Opinion, that piety consisted in the Lips, but in the Heart; not in subtil Disputes, but in good Works; not in the Knowledg but the Observation of Precepts, and in the Cordial Performance of enjoyn'd Duties. Nor was it her choice with the *Athenians*, rather to know than do that which was right; but with the Antient *Cato*, tho more truly than he, rather to be good, than to seem so. In the morning she rose with the Sun, and Worship'd the Lord of Heaven and Earth. But when she was sometimes forc'd to rise at midnight, by reason of the Urgent Affairs of the State, and could not afterwards sleep, she commanded either the Holy Scripture, or some other Pious Book, to be brought her. If any persons came to Visit her in a morning before she had pour'd forth her Prayers, she sent 'em back with this Expression, *That she was first to serve the King of Kings*. If any persons were said to seek her Life by Treachery and Conspiracy, her Answer was, *That she submitted to the Will of Heaven*.

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She was ever present at Publick Congregations, especially when the Army was in motion, and some more imminent dangers threatned.

And when she was there, no person more attentive to the Preacher, no person pour'd forth more fervent Prayers to God, with a mind, rather than a Countenance Dejected and fix'd upon the Earth.

Then, how benificent, how bountiful, both in the Church, and without it, to the wanting Members of the Church, in all Parts of the Earth? How many thousands did she support at her own Charges, which that same horrid Tempest, and dismal Rage of the Monks, which they call Piety, had driven into these Countrys, or into *England*, Exiles from their Native Country, and depriv'd of the Liberty of their Consciences, much dearer than their Country? Who, lastly, ever was in real Want, to whose Succour something did not always flow from that abounding Fountain? Four times every year, she sent Letters, Subscrib'd with her own Hand, with Mony to be distributed to the Poor, from whom she never desir'd the Repayment of Thanks. 'Tis not above three years since, that she sent a vast Sum of Mony into *Holland* for the Relief of the Poor, and to supply the necessities of a bitter Winter, concealing her Name, according to her Custom. Benign and Munificent Princess! Give thou wouldst, but yet conceal thy Name: Hadst thou been now alive, how many poor and indigent, that Perish'd through the intense Rigour of this last Winter, had been then reliev'd by thy most Royal Bounty?

But as she Consecrated her first and chiefest Duties to God, her next she Dedicated to her Husband. How Lovingly did she Accompany him at his Departure? How affectionately did she Embrace him Returning? With how much Kindness and Sweetness did she Compensate the Hardships of War, and continual Travel by him sustain'd? This last

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time, unhappy last Time ! With what an incredible speed and Fervency, contemning the Injuries of the Weather, did she hasten to meet her dearest Consort, and Congratulate his safe Return ? While the King was absent, she alone took care of all the Affairs of the Kingdom : When he was present, she ceased to meddle with any Publick Business, but surrendred back the Government of the whole Empire into his Hand ; more joyful to resign it, than to take it up. So that never any Mother of a Family could be more obsequious to her Husband, than she was to the King.

Nor are you to believe, she wasted that Life in idleness. She had business enough to do. She oblig'd all People by her Favours. She studied to deserve the love of all men : She Cur'd the Sick ; she succoured the Afflicted ; and dispersed Relief to all that were in Want, or that Laboured under any Calamity of Body. Of Time, so pretious, and the only thing of which we may be laudably allow'd to be Covetous, she was most sparing and parcimonious. Many times she set her Royal Hands to Embroider ; which she did not think beneath her self, in imitation of the Antient Queens. VVhen at the same time (give ear great *Seneca*, who so highly commendeth to us Covetousness of Time) she order'd to be read to her some profitable and learned Piece, which treated either of Politicks, or History, of Ethicks, or of Divinity. She her self also Read very much, whether in the City or the Country, and with honest, yet delightful ease deceiv'd her solitary Hours ; so that like the great *Scipio Africanus*, she was never less at leisure, than when at leisure, never less alone than when alone ; and like that other *Scipio*, Advantageously and Elegantly divided her Intervals of Leisure and Business. An Egregious Act, enough to shame not only VVomen, not only Youth, but Men of Years and Learning. Nor was it long since (give Ear ye Kings and Princes) that she Erected in her Palace, a Library peculiar
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to her self; a Precedent but rarely heard of before; and had furnish'd it, not so much with Gaudy as with useful Books. Thence had she drawn a copious Stock of Learning; deeply Read in History, and no less skill'd in Architecture, and Geometry: So that the Situations of all Countries, Regions, Cities and Seaport-Towns were familiar to her.

And she, who expended so much upon the Worship of God, her Duty to her Husband, upon the People, and upon all in Necessity; how much did she Expend upon her self? She spent all upon her Mind; took little or no care of her Body. VVhen any new fashion'd Garment, or costly Ornament was shewed her, she rejected 'em as superfluous, and Answered, *The Money might be better laid out upon the Poor.* Wonderful Princess; endu'd with so Pious and Modest a Mind! Great Exemplar, fit for Imitation! She bestows upon the Poor, she denies her self, she contemns, so great and Potent a Princess neglects and scorns those Things, which all other private Women so ardently and vehemently covet and desire.

Which shall I most admire amidst so many, and so great Vertues? Whether that extraordinary Piety towards God, that shun so brightly forth in her tender Years; while never Woman worship'd, lov'd, and honour'd God with a more fervent or purer zeal? Whether that sacred, and Praise-worthy Desire of promoting Religion, upon which she was so singularly intent, that without the Providence of God, and the Care and Vigilance of this our Princess, we should have hardly had any stirring by this? Whether that most ardent Conjugal Love, wherein she far exceeded *Cyrus's Panthea*, *Mausolus's Artemisia*, and *Mithridates's Hypsicratea*? Whether that Prudence and Wisdom in Governing, wherein she surpass'd not only Women, but many famous Men? Whether her Equity in the Administration of Justice; while Men lookt upon her as Superiour

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to *Aristides*, to *Phocian*, and deem'd her to be Justice herself? Whether that Benign, both Mind and Countenance that equall'd her with *Socrates*, and his Imperial Competitor *Antoninus*, while her deportment was affable and benevolent to all sorts and degrees of People; fully convinc'd that nothing could be more Royal than the Saying of that most excellent Prince, and Emperor, most like herself, that it behov'd her not to let any Person depart sad from her Presence? Whether that Modesty and Temperance, that Frugality in so great an Exuberancy of Fortune; by means of which she stood impregnable to all the Temptations, and *Circean* Sorceries of a Vicious Court, nor could be seduc'd from the Paths of true Vertue? So that her Court seem'd not to be the Mansion of a Queen, but the House of some private Matron, or rather the Temple of Chastity; by which means she made the Bad Good, as is said of *Antoninus* the Philosopher, the Good Better and like herself? Or whether her Clemency, and good Nature prone to win the Good-will of all People; so that she was no less griev'd than they who Petition'd; if it so fell out that she could not grant their Requests; and like that most Magnanimous Prince, thought that day lost wherein she was not kind to some body or other? Or that transcendent Benificence, her Compassion, and that Motherly Affection of a Munificent Princess to the Sick and Poor, whose charitable Deeds, like those of the *Roman* Centurion may be thought to have ascended up into Heaven? Or lastly, that extraordinary, and more than Masculine Magnanimity and Constancy, as well through the whole Course of her Life, as at her Death? Who among the poorest, and most miserable ever with more easiness resign'd this mortal Life, so obnoxious to a Thousand Calamities, than She, in the midst of Regal Pomp, and plenty with a Royal, and truly Heroick Mind, contemn'd and surrender'd all the Pleasures of Life, and Regal Dignity,

and

and hasten'd to the Supream King of Heaven and Earth, by whom she had been only sent us hitherto? How many proofs did she manifest of a Mind undaunted, joyful, and desirous to leave this Life? How many clear and evident Demonstrations did she give of her Love to God? How comfortably did she address herself to the King and the rest of the standers by? How well assured of Eternal Life and Immortality did she bid farewell to this Life, and all Terrestrial Felicities, and transmigrate to that same only Fountain, and perpetual Spring of all Beatitude? So that her Life and Death was a most perfect and consummate Exemplar of Vertue and Piety: Nor did Nature ever produce any thing more excellent than she, who in all her Life never did, never said or thought any thing but what was Praise-worthy; so that what was said of *Scipio Aemilianus* may be more truly recorded of our Princess, whose Vertues were so many, so great, and of that moment every one, that no Man ever durst presume so much as tacitly to beg of the Immortal God, as this our Queen obtain'd from the most indulgent Dispenser of all Good.

And because the mind of Man is better discern'd by his Death than by his Life; for Man is apt in his Life time to conceal and dissemble his Affections; but at his Death the Mask being remov'd, he appears what he is; what was more noble or signal than the Death of this Queen? What more becoming a Wise Man and a Christian than that saying of hers, *This is not the first time that I prepar'd my self for Death.* Great Sentence! most worthy a Philosopher and a Pious Man! What more does Philosophy teach us, what more the Christian Religion! For if Philosophy be meditation upon Death, as rightly of old the *Platonics* observ'd; if we must be always learning to dye, according to the *Stoics*, may not she be said to have liv'd a *Philosophical Life*, and the likest to *Socrates* himself, who

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during

during the whole course of her Life, was always meditating upon Death? *Socrates* is every where lovely, every where appears a Vertuous and Holy Man, but no where more lovely or greater, than at his *Exit*, and at his death which he so generously fought, by which he immortaliz'd his Vertue and Integrity, and confirm'd what he had all along taught, not by Words but Deeds, and his Voluntary *Exit* out of this Life. How much a more signal and Laudable Testimony of her Vertue and Sanctity, than that Philosopher, did our Queen give to the World by her death, so Heroick, and to be imitated by all Christians? Who forsook not a private, not a miserable, but a Royal Life, abounding in all delights, without the least repining; who so departed this Life as from a Banquet; escap'd from the Court as out of a Prison; who more assur'd of the immortality of her Soul, and the hopes of a better Life, with a greater Resolution, did not inflict a spontaneous Death upon herself, but expected a decreed Stroke from the Hand of the Supream Lord of all things. who forbids us to quit our Stations uncommanded by himself; and beheld the common Enemy of Mankind, the most terrible of all most terrible things, with a Mind altogether undaunted, and a Countenance nothing terrified. No wonder she had learnt to dye, it had been her only Study. She understood the Frailty of Life, like Glasse, the brighter the more brittle. She knew that we dy'd every day; that the beginning of Life was the beginning of Death; that there was nothing firm and Stable here; that we are promis'd another Life, constant, solid and permanent; that Death is but the Passage to it; that no Man can dye well, but he that liv'd well; that no Man lives well but he that has Death always before his Eyes, and has learnt to dye well. Our Princess fill'd with these Cogitations, scorn'd and repudiated all the conveniences and blandishments of Life, Honors and Dignities, Scepters and
Diadems,

Diadems, and whatever Men deem Fortunate ; and with a great and Royal Mind while she liv'd, contemn'd Life, and Death when she dy'd : and by so doing, nobly and gloriously triumph'd over both.

Renown'd Woman of a Masculine, and Courageous Spirit, victorious over Death it self ! By what name shall I call thee ? Whether Parent of thy Country, formerly the Sirname ascrib'd to *Livia*, bnt more truly to be given to thee ? Whether August, which was attributed to the *Roman* Empreſſes, but due to thy Merit, than which nothing was more Sacred, nothing more August ? Or the best of Princesses, which was first allow'd to *Scipio Masica*, afterwards to *Trajan*, by decree of the Senate : An Epithete, that must never be renew'd again, now thou art gone, nor will return to Earth without the Remembrance of thy Vertues ? Or the Defendress of the Faith, a Title more truly appropriated to Thee, than to Him, to whom it was first indulged ? Most Holy and Religious Princess, before whom no Woman is to be preferr'd !

Let sacred and prophane Histories recommend to us the Fortitude of *Deborah*, the Charity of *Dorcas* ; the Prudence of *Semiramis*, and her Knowledge how to Govern ; the Courageous Soul of *Zenobia*, and her fervent Love of Learning the incredible Endowments both of Body and Mind in *Aspasia*, and her singular Modesty ; the Piety of *Placilla*, and her assiduous care of the Needy and Sick ; let the *British* Annals extol their *Maud*, their *Philippa*, their *Elizabeth*, and their transcending Vertues ; neither Antiquity, nor this our modern Age can boast of any thing that is to be compar'd with this our far surpassing Queen, worthy of far greater Encomiums. What singly they possess'd, this had accumulatively crouded in one Person, as being a Compendium of all those Vertues.

For my part, when I revolve all these things in my Mind, and diligently weigh the particular Vertues of this single Woman, I am plainly and evidently convinc'd that never any thing was produc'd in this world more excellent than this Princess, nor that ever any greater Blessing happen'd to Mortals. For if that saying of *Plato* be true, as 'tis most certain, that Cities then will have an end of all their miseries, when great Power and Prudence, by a certain divine State, meet with mutual Embraces with Equity and Justice; if the World shall then be happy, as the same Author asserts, when either Kings are wise, or wise Men Reign, how happy and fortunate would have been our Republick, and the People and Nations committed to her care, who with so much prudence and wisdom govern'd her Kingdom; who with so much Justice and Equity temper'd her Power; who in that high Station of her Fortune never did harm to any Man, when she had so much Power to injure; whose Humility contended with her majesty, whose Clemency with her Severity, and whose Goodness with her supream Authority; who thought herself so much Greater, by how much she was better than others, as *Agésilus* said of *Artaxerxes*; who splendidly and wisely govern'd Cities and People, then which Knowledge how to Reign well, *Dioclesian* from his own Experience was wont to affirm, that there was not any Art or Science more difficult to be learnt? And if *Fabius Maximus* were stil'd of old the Buckler of the Empire, *Marcellus* the Sword, do we not behold the true and genuine Effigies of our King and Queen in these two illustrious Captains; of which he, like *Marcellus* defends us with his Sword; she like *Fabius* protectes us with her Buckler, and holding in the one hand her Spear, her Shield in the other, now represented to our Eyes the Armed *Pallas*, then again the gentle and Pacifick *Minerva*, as well the Goddess of Prudence as of War.

Lastly, if man were made after the Image of God ; if Kings are ordain'd of God ; if the most conspicuous virtues of the supream Deity are his Immense Goodness and Power, how evidently did our August Queen represent the Image of God both in her words and deeds ? How piously did she perform her Vicegerency ? How nearly imitate his Vertues ? VVho greatest in power, best in Goodness justly deserv'd to be call'd the *Best* and *Greatest* of Princesses, by a holy Appellation, and common to her with God himself ? For he is *Optimus Maximus*, the *Greatest Best*, but first he is call'd the *Best*, and then the *Greatest*. By which what other did Antiquity signifie to us, but that this was the chief Character proper to God, and that he had no Attribute more excellent than his Goodness ? This chief and primary Vertue of the supream Deity who among Mortals more truly ever imitated than our Queen ? Who as she had receiv'd supremacy of Power from God, so likewise a Will propensely inclin'd to deserve well of all Men ; who distributed the Gifts conferr'd upon her from Heaven, for the common Good, and Benefit of All ; who shew'd herself not only a munificent Queen, but a certain Divinity visible upon Earth, and conspicuous to our Eyes ; so that the People committed to her Care might know and be sensible that they liv'd under *MARTY*, the most Pious and upright, that isto say, the *Best*, and surpassing all the best in her Kind.

Such a Princess therefore, so excellent, and so far as Vertue can be understood, so admirable and Transcending we have lost ; who by sweetness of Manners, and by her singular Clemency and Beneficence had won the Love of all people. The *English* lov'd her, the *Hollanders* lov'd her, and as she so lov'd both Nations, that it was hard to discover which the best, so the people of both Nations reverenc'd her with an equal Affection ; only the strife between 'em was, who lov'd her most Fervently. Nor had she only engag'd the *English*;

the *Hollanders* and other Nations subjected to her Empire, but among Foreigners and Strangers, she had also won the favour and good-will of all People; all Men extoll'd that Woman whom no man ever spoke ill of, unless he were at the same time the profess'd Enemy of all Vertue.

But as she was then the Love of all Nations, the delight of both People; so is she now the Subject of their Lamentation. She is now become the publick and common grief of all Men. However there is that Consolation still remaining among us, which if it cannot absolutely assuage, yet well may serve to alleviate and mitigate our Sorrow. We have a King still living, strong and healthy, who being safe, we may believe that God has not altogether cast us from our Protection. We have Peers, and the Nobility and Gentry of the Kingdom, who with all the King's Forces, all his warlike preparations, both at home and abroad, both by Land and Sea, will carry on the War. We have our own Republick, strong, flourishing, potent, and equally sustaining the burthens of the VVar. VVe have our powerful Allies and Friends, *Cesar*, the *Spaniards*, the *Germans*, join'd together with us in the same League and Confederacy of War. But above all things we have the Supream God of Heaven and Earth, propitious and favourable to the Religious Cause of his People; through whose assistance we promise better things for the future, and a prosperous Issue of this War. But our Mourning exceeds all Consolation, nor will our grief for the death of our best Princess endure that any Restraint should be put upon it; a Princess, whom Nations at length begin to value, now that they have lost her. She is now translated to a better place, and freed from the fetters of this mortal and perishing Body, has exchanged for an immortal, this frail Life, a Terrestrial for a Celestial Kingdom, and all her Royal Splendor upon Earth for a far brighter Glory; where with Holy Quire of the Blessed, and her Illustrious Ancestors.

Ancestors she possesses the Fruition of never ceasing Gladness, and sempiternal Joy, leaving only to us Tears and Lamentation, a long lasting Sorrow, and as a grateful, so a sad and mournful Remembrance of her. The King bewails the best of Wives; the *English* the best of Queens; the *Hollanders* the best of Princesses; the Republick a protectress; the Church a Defendress; Widows and Orphans a Foster-Mother, the miserable, the needy, and the sick a true support, and all a Mother and a Parent. Most certainly we have lost a Mother and a Parent, our Mother and Parent; who as she had by many Merits and Benefits engag'd the Kingdom of *England*, and our Republick, with the true Worship of God, the Reform'd Religion purg'd from *Roman* Contamination, all honest and laudable Arts and Sciences, so would she have heap'd upon 'em greater Obligations, greater Benefits, had the supream Arbitr of all things vouchsafed her ease, Peace, and a longer Life. Now we have lost the Harvest of the present time, and the hopes of the future: Now we are sensible of a double loss; now we bewail, deplore, lament the Best and most Excellent of Princesses, snatch'd from us by a Death untimely and fatal to us all. And though it become us not to disturb her Celestial Joys with our importunate and troublesome means, since our Tears can never recal her, however who will not be so indulgent to our Humane Weakness, as to pardon us the Mourners at so Calamitous a Funeral? Who in the midst of general Sorrow and Lamentation can refrain from publick Tears? These are the last Offices which are due to her; and this day appointed for Universal Mourning. But the rest must be reserv'd till another time, as being dedicated to the Muses, who must then be the Close Mourners.

EPITAPHIUM

Augustissimæ heroinæ *MARIÆ II.* magnæ *Brittanniæ, Galliæ, & Hiberniæ, Reginæ.*

Anglorum Mater, Batavum spes, Gloria Sexus,
Prudens, æqua, Sagax, pulchra, Benigna, gravis,
Conjugis, & Populi lachrymis in marmora versis,
Hic tegitur, generis magna *Stuarta* decus.

B. D. *MANDEVILLE.* Med. Doct.

A

Funeral Oration

Pronounc'd upon the

DEATH

OF THE

Most Serene and Potent PRINCESS,

Mary Stuart,

QUEEN of Great Britain, France and
Ireland.

By JOHN ORTWINIUS.

Spo ken the 2d of March, 1694.

From the Latin Original Printed at Delph.

L O N D O N :

Printed for John Dunton, at the Raven in Fetter-street: And
are also to be Sold by Edm. Richardson, in the Upper
Court in Scolding-Alley, near the Poultry-Church, 1695

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TO THE
Most Potent, Most Invincible, and Most Sorrowful

WILLIAM,

KING of *Great Britain, France and Ireland.*

AS ALSO

To the Most Noble, and Right Worshipful the Magistrates of *Delph*, Sharrers in the Royal Mourning, This
A 2 Fu-

Funeral Oration, pronounc'd upon the
Decease of the Most Serene QUEEN
MARIE STUART, Consecrates
and Dedicates

Your Sacred Majesty's,

and Your Lordships most Devoted,

JOHN ORTWINIUS.

A
Funeral Oration
UPON THE
Death of the QUEEN.

Illustrious Pretor :

Most Noble, most Worthy and Grave Consuls, Consulars, Judges, Senators, and you that are Assistant to their Councils and Acts :

Most Reverend Preachers of the Word of God:

Most Learned Doctors in all the Sciences,

Most Honour'd Collegiates,

And you the most Select Surrounding Crowd of my Disciples,

W Here e're I look about me, 'tis not the bare Apparition of Sadness, and Forlorn Disconsolation that strikes my Eyes. For Two Months together, the greatest part of the Northern World has lain cover'd with Snow, and harden'd with Extremity of Cold; and Navigable Rivers have stop't their Course,

condens'd and congeal'd by sharp contracting Frosts, while we could hardly warm our selves, nor defend our Bodies from the Rigour of the Season, tho' profusly furnish'd with comfortable Fires. Nor could we silently brook, nor dissemble our Regret for being depriv'd the Fruit of Commerce and Pleasure, and for being seated in such a desert Solitude. But when we consider the approaching Change, when it would soon come to pass, that the Plough'd Fields, Fetter'd in Chains of Ice, would be set free by the warm Western Gales, that the Frozen Moisture in all the Hoary Mountains, Roads and Streets, would soon melt away, dissolv'd by the Sun's ascending Heat, and that the Rivers, their Ponderous Weight remov'd, would hasten with an unbridl'd Torrent to the Sea, and reinforce our Trade, abounding and Wealthy in all sorts of Merchandise, which the perverseness of the Season had obstructed; that the conceal'd Seed, the Husbandman's Expectation, would soon rise up above the Earth; that the Birds would cheer the Tepid Air with their Harmonious Notes; and that the Flocks and Herds would soon be sporting and wantoning in our Delightful Meadows, this readily induces us to take in good part this Spectacle of Complaint and Horror, without Lamentation or Tears. The Reason is, because the Severity of the hard Season is allay'd by a certain Expectation of an approaching time when all things will revive and flourish. But when I behold the most Illustrious Orders, the Fathers of their Country, Personages in High Stations, and Exercising the Sovereign Function of the Commonwealth, clouded in Sable Mourning, and Ponder in my Thoughts the Occasion of that same Doleful Habit, I perceive our selves subjected to a much profounder Grief, scarce capable of Consolation, which no Circumvalation of Years can repair, and which all good Men, the Exact Adorers of Truth and Justice can hardly brook with Patience. There is not any one among ye, Most Noble Auditors, who has not heard me speak of the Late Unusually Death of a Queen, who neither had, nor will have her Equal, or her Second upon Earth. So that when I had fully resolv'd, these Brumal Holydays, to atone the Muses, and Sincerely to have reconciled my self to their Favour, at other times distracted with my publick and private Schools. the

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Publick Sorrow interrupted me ; but more especially my City of *Delph*, which, no unprofitable Citizen, I study with all Veneration, to serve, whisper'd me in the Ear, and thus seem'd to Expostulate with me. What ! when the greatest part of the Cities of *Germany* have laid so deep to heart the Loss of the Queen, and that their Temples, and their private Houses resounded with numerous Orations and Epicediums, both in Prose and Verse ; must I, the Metropolis, once Conspicuous for the *Nassovian* and *Orangian* Princes, and still entrusted with their Sacred *Mausoleums*, with a Religious Silence only celebrate the Obsequies of this most Serene Queen ? Heaven defend it. And though I am not capable to enumerate all the Vertues of this August Exemplar of Woman-kind, yet I shall presume to draw 'em in Minature, tho with a Rude and far from Magisterial Pencil, and pronounc'd not from my own but from the Lips of all men that live in this, or in the other Hemisphere ; and who are equal sufferers by this deadly Wound.

In Obedience therefore to my most Honoured and Beloved City, demanding only what is Just and Equitable, I have undertaken the performance of this mournful duty ; afraid however, so disconsolate and cast down with Sorrow, as I am, lest my Sobs should interrupt my Words, and obstruct the passage of my Speech. Which if it should come to pass, I beg and beseech ye, most Learned Auditors, to pardon my Just Tears, while I am performing the last unpleasing duties to the *Manes* of an incomparable Queen.

Whoever will give his mind to peruse the Annals of a Noble People, shall find therein the Famous Actions, Renowned Enterprises, Laurels, Palms, together with other Grandeurs intermixt, and publickly now commemorated. To this purpose the Historian assembl'd all his cares and cogitations, that he might consecrate those Eternal Monuments of the mind, which no Antiquity could ever deface, and leave behind him not an Effigies of *Breaching Brass*, but of *Vertue*, set forth and polish'd by the most sublime Wits. We find it also Recorded, that this *Propagation of Honour*, from whence Antiquity would have succeeding Ages take Example, was transmitted to the Female Sex, in the six hundred sixty third year from the building

ing of *Rome* ; neither has Nature so streightned and contracted her Praises, as out of envy to malign the Women, and shower her Favours on the Men. *Julius Cæsar* made a Funeral Oration upon his Aunt *Julia* in the Publick Hall of Justice, wherein by the Mothers side he derives her descent from a long Series of Kings, and by the Father's side deduces her Lineage from the Immortal Gods. Following the Footsteps of this most Elegant of Orators, for that Title *Tully* gives him, though with unequal Paces, I thought I could not take a better Method, then to weave my Oration upon the same Loom, beginning from the Nativity of the most blessed Queen, with a purpose afterwards to expatiate into a Portico full of Images. Happy Age that produc'd such a Princess, — Happy the Parents of such Daughter, the most absolute Exemplar of all Vertues, even by the Confession of those that burst with Envy. Let the Sons of *Romulus* please themselves with those, who by an intermixture of Progeny have wrested their Country from the *Galls*, and deriv'd to themselves a singular Commendation from that Elogy ; but all these things signifie nothing to our *MARIE*, who alone was endued with so many ornaments of Pious Manners, so many, and so illustrious Ensigns of true Glory, as have eclips'd the fame of all the most Celebrated Matrons in the World. 'Tis enough then that our Immortal Queen *Mary* deriv'd her descent from a long Race of Royal Blood, and that her Ancestors sat enthron'd for Many Ages ; 'twould be a mean Begging of the Question to repeat her Pedigree.

She was born in the Month of *May*, 1662. She grew up in the Bosom of her Parents, educated in a Court flowing with those Pleasures that usually charm the Fancies of Children that have little restraint upon 'em, and seduce 'em from their innate Goodness. But she, postponing all those gay delights with which tender Age, fit for any Impression, is fed, detested all those Syrens of Voluptuousness, whose Charms inticed to Sloth and Luxury, the two Destructions and Shipwracks both of Body and Soul. Intent upon the painful Arts that first *Minerva* taught, she made it her only Business to outdo *Penelope* with her Needle, dedicating her time wholly to
Embroidery,

Embroidery and the Curiosities of Needlework, which are still to be seen, the Monuments of her Industry.

Alexander thus formerly sold to *Sisigambes*, the Mother of *Darius*, a Garment, the Elaborate Work and Gift of his own Sisters. The Coverlets and Carpets of the deceased Princess, wrought with *Babylonian Art*, are daily to be beheld with Wonder. All this while, how zealous she was for the true Worship of the True God, apparent to the Eyes of all Men, plainly demonstrated. For when her Uncle *Charles II*: (whose care for his Brother's Daughter is not to be past over in Silence) appointed her a Tutor to lay the first Foundations in her of the most corrected and sincere Religion, they were so deeply fixed in her Breast, that afterwards no Menaces, no threatened dangers, no promises of Golden Mountains, no Temptations of Pleasure could undermine her. In this same Station of Laudable Exercises, and Eximious Piety for sixteen Years together, She was at length lookt upon by *William*, at that time Prince of *Orange*, the most prudent and valiant Commander and Admiral of the *Belgian Army*, and Statholder of the Commonwealth, as the only Person worthy for him to demand in Marriage, and He adjudged the only Person fit to be joined with Her in Conjugal Affection. For if Vettue becomes more acceptable in an amiable Shrine, there were in *Mary* those Accomplishments of Beauty, that might well enforce and inflame Prince *William's* Ardour. The Rays of Lively Youth, a cheerful Decorum in her Eyes, the Gayety of her dishrevel'd Tresses, and besides the Ornamental Artifices of her Dressers, her Lovely Stature recommended the Princess *Mary* to her Lover. Content with a slight, but decent Dress, she abhorred that wanton diligence which they only instance of, who carry their Beauty in their Cabinets, and have nothing but Jemms and Jewels to set 'em off; measuring Maiden Accoutrement by the true Estimate of Chastity, Modesty, Constancy and Fidelity, and believing she stood in need of no other Cerusses to render her acceptable, The Contract therefore was sign'd, and I may say most happily for us, upon the 18th day of *December*, 1677. A day so much the more to be celebrated, for that upon the same day Prince *William* enter'd into the twenty seventh year of his Age. This Fami-

ly League confirm'd in her Native Country; this near relation of Blood, and the Nuptial Bed, this Unity of sacred Worship renew'd our hopes of establishing for the future the Amity and Friendship with the *English*, our Neighbours, before so often violated and broken, nor did they fail your Expectation; 'tis incredible how the Face of Affairs immediately alter'd. For the next Year the *French* King surrounded with the Strength of a most Flourishing Kingdom, pretended to care for the Laws of Peace, and earnestly of his own accord sued for an Accommodation. Others who thought it their wisest way, there to bend their Forces where Fortune turn'd the Scales, suspecting and envying this same riveted Bond of Conjugal Affection, resolv'd to provide for their own safety, and to unite their dubious Interests with Ours.

When this same most serene couple, then which there never could be yet imagin'd a Royal Pair so closely knit in conjugal Affection, as the most sorrowful King, in his Letters to the most Illustrious States, wherein he signifies the unexpected and never too much deplor'd Decease of his Incomparable Queen, apparently discovers, had enjoy'd all the variety of delight, and Princely Pastimes that *London* could afford, in Company with their Father, their Uncle, and the Princes of *Britain*, he began to think of returning back to our Horizon, and re-adorning with his own, and presence of his Royal Consort, his Principal Abode and Glory of our State the *Hague*. With what a profuseness of Love and Admirati-on, with what exquisite Testimonies of Veneration and Honour the two Princes were receiv'd and welcom'd home, upon their arrival altho'ar, would be needless for Me, most Learned Auditors, to set forth in multitude of Expressions, since all who are now alive, either beheld it with their Eyes, or heard it by unfeign'd Relation. And it would take up too much time to collect together the continu'd Series of those Things which the Princess *Marie*, indefatigable in doing good, and sought to by her native Countrymen, to gratifie their Petitions perform'd in order to the composing the Affair of *Britain*, the Restoration of Tottering Religion, and depress'd Liberty. It behoves us therefore to trace the chiefest Footsteps of the Vertues of our Princess, but not to speak so much

much as may deservedly be spoken of 'em, but such Things only as without a hainous offence cannot be omitted by me, nor can suit with any other but the Queen.

As to her Piety, which the most Excellent of Orators rightly calls the Foundation of all Vertues, she had such a true, and real Veneration for it, that she believ'd there was no degree of Majesty whatever, no Power of Princes which were not oblig'd to submit their Puissance to it. She was fully confirm'd from her Infancy, that Piety neglected by Princes and Governours of States was an ill Omen of apparent Destruction; and that they themselves were convinc'd of the necessity of it, who, tho' they liv'd altogether in Contempt of it, nevertheless (the worst sort of Mimicry) feign'd to have a Love for it, and so would seem to be Pious, not really to be so. But if the Sun infects with Blackness those who are continually scalded with his Beams; if a Head that is sain and sound, imparts Motion, Strength, and Vigour to the Members. In like manner Domestic Servants and Subjects derive their Dye and Colour from the Life and Conversation of the Princess, and their Sanctity and Integrity from the Prince, who is the Head of the Commonweal. Antiquity has recorded, that *Midas* being initiated into sacred Rights by *Orpheus*, fill'd all *Phrygia* with Religion, which render'd the Country much more durably safe, then the strength of her Arms. Therefore the most Serene Princess consecrated certain fix'd Hours to Divine Worship, which she either spent in Prayer, or else in reading Books of good and solid Divinity. Sublime Example! fit to be transmitted by Encomiums, Eulogies, Orations, Writings and Monuments to all Posterity, and to be erected to the Eternal Infamy of Slothful and Irreligious Marrons! When those more solemn Duties of Religion were over, she never gave her Mind to the frivolous stories of *Anadis*, and impertinent Fictions of *Amad*, but attentively studied the Volumes of those Authors by which she might improve her Knowledge and her Prudence. And lest, most learned Auditors, any one should think this short Oration compos'd at the obsequious Insigations of specious and pleasingly delusive Flattery, I shall relate not what I gathered from the common re-

ports of Fame, but from the Lips of a most worthy Person, and my Friend, who being admitted in the Morning to kiss her Hands, found before her *Cambden's Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, and *Deſtor Burnet's History of the Reformation*. But Piety is never to be accounted ſolidly accompliſh'd unleſs accompanied with Liberality; otherwiſe it would be Piety only in words, and not in deeds, as ſhe her ſelf upon the approach of her Expiring Minutes diſcourſ'd of a Godly and Vertuous Life. You People of *France*, who abandoning your Native Soyl, becauſe you would not ſuffer Violence upon your Conſciences, nor liſten to the adulterate Charms of Bards, and Druids. You People of *France*, I ſay, depriv'd of all ſupports of Life, fled to this moſt Clement Princeſs, as to the Altar of ſome Sanctuary, or ſome preſent Female Deity. What time the Princeſs ſtruck with Compaſſion, pleaded your unfortunate Cauſe before the Fathers of the Country, ſhe ſweetly ſollicit'd the wealthy Treasures of many to pity your Condition: Sollicit'd do I ſay! Nay more, ſhe ſent 'em away reliev'd and ſuccour'd with her own Royal Revenues. That others alſo were no leſs Sharers in her Princely Munificence, the Money which ſhe order'd to be fold'd and ſeal'd up in Papers, and diſtributed without Vainglory, and with an unwearied Charity to the Indigent, ſufficiently manifeſted. Believing it more Generous, and more Praiſeworthy by this means to oblige her Debtors, which were many, ſee that for two or three Years together ſhe order'd to be expended, and divided conſiderable Sums of Money to thoſe, who in the Cities of *Holland* were not able to provide againſt the extremities of the Season, and the injuries of the Weather. That ſhe was affable and courteous, by which ſhe acquir'd the Reſpect and Love of all Perſons, is undeniably acknowledg'd on every Hand. For what was more uſually obſerv'd in this Princeſs? She never ſtay'd for the moſt convenient times of Addreſs, and the fitteſt times to be ſpoken with, but meeting the Deſires of thoſe that made their Suits and Petitions to her, receiv'd 'em with a Serene Countenance; Saving the Veneration that was due to her, believing that Affability and Gravity might reſide together in one Manner, ſhe reſaluted thoſe that bow'd to her; offer'd what not deſir'd;

fir'd ; rightly deeming, that no Person was to return dissatisfied
 and Penſive from the Preſence of a Prince ; which was the ſaying
 of that Emperor who was call'd the *Love and Delight of Man-*
kind. Now then if we but duly conſider thoſe Vertues, moſt
 Learned Auditors, what Man ſo Iron-Tongu'd, and Leaden-
 hearted, who can blame all ſorts of Perſons, whether of high
 or low degree, for being perplexed and troubled at the de-
 parture of a Princeſs ſo Pious, ſo munificent ? But unavoida-
 ble Neceſſity demanded, and commandingly requir'd, that
 ſhe muſt begin and follow her beloved Husband, the moſt re-
 nown'd of Generals, then buſily engag'd to deliver the Necks
 of the *Engliſh* from being trampled on by Superſtition, and
 illegal Slavery. But when the moſt Serene Princeſs call'd
 to mind the remembrance of her Subjects, by whom ſhe was
 moſt entirely and dearly reverenc'd, and eſteem'd ; when ſhe
 thought of that Palace of *Loe*, where ſhe oft went to alleviate
 and divert the Cares of her Mind, from having a full Proſpect
 of the Woods, and ſpacious Fields of *Velaue*, ſhe beheld her
 Husband in purſuit of the wild Beaſts, with a full Cry ;
 when ſhe revolv'd in her Mind how terrible a thing it was
 for a Kingdom to be without a Head and Chieftain, con-
 tented with her Lot, and ſore againſt her Will, ſhe was
 torn away by Force from her Belgian Delights. The
 publick Cauſe was in Diſpute, and that overcame her
 Charity toward her Subjects, her Country Pleaſures, her
 Moderation, her equity of Mind, nay, even the Conſidera-
 tions which ſhe had for her Father himſelf, whom ſhe ne-
 ver went about to impugn, nor ever deſi'd his being e-
 ject'd, but enforc'd only to Conſent that a Parliament
 might be duly Summon'd, and that what had been alter'd,
 ſhaken, or broken, might be reſtor'd to their former State,
 that is to ſay, according the Laws and moſt ancient Con-
 ſtitutions of the Kingdom, which he had ſworn to obſerve,
 and that above all things care might be taken that Reli-
 gion and Liberty might receive no harm. Reluctant there-
 fore, and as it were by Constraint (for according to the So-
 cratic Paradox, a Wiſe Man does nothing unwillingly, no-
 thing for which he is ſorry, nothing by Compulſion) de-
 parting from us upon the twelfth of *March*, in the Year

1689. with a fair Wind she arriv'd in *England*, which was now without a Governour, and where the Army was without a Leader. But lest any External Force, while the Minds of the People were variously distracted and provok'd; as Rumour spread abroad, the Nobility and Gentry of the Kingdom resolv'd to resign the Care of the Kingdom, and Administration of the Government to the two Princes; and upon the seventh of the Kalender of *March*, in the year before-mention'd, the same day, as some aver, that put an end to the Reign of *Tarquin* the proud, declar'd *William* and *Mary* King and Queen of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*, and upon the third of the Ides of *April*, what day they obtain'd the Royal Crown and Scepter, King and Queen of *Scotland* also. From that time forward they held the two Kingdoms with equal Auspices, and concurring Minds, yet so that by reason of the Wars, which the *French* King, grasping in his boundless hopes the Dominion of all *Europe*, have every where inflam'd, was forc'd to cross the Seas, and remain abroad for some time. Therefore during the absence of the King, the Empire of the Kingdom, so great was her Genius, was committed to her Care, which she manag'd with so much prudence and fortitude, that she repell'd from the Coasts of the Kingdom an Insulting Enemy, menacing to Land; and suppress'd and extinguish'd Conspiracies enter'd into by a new sort of *Catilines*. She muster'd the Land Armies, and view'd the Fleets, and took care that nothing should be wanting in either that might be useful either to stop or invade the Enemy, or relieve, and assist her own. For this Tranquility of the Times, for this same singular Providence, and Vertue, did she not more truly then any Princess before her, deserve the Appellations of *August*, of Parent of her Country, of Best Mother, and Mother of the Martial Camps? This every year she labour'd to see accomplish'd, to the end the King might recross the Seas in his Military Ornaments, the Key of the Kingdom being deliver'd to the Queen, till towards the end of last Autumn; after an Expedition ended upon the Borders of *France*, he hasten'd to the Embraces of his Royal Consort, and to provide for those things which were to be consulted in Parliament for the raising of Money towards the supplies

supplies of the Armies and Fleets. The King took Shipping, put to Sea, and with a prosperous Wind arriv'd in England, where he had no sooner set his Foot ashore, but the loud acclamations of the People were heard in all quarters of the British Dominions, *Long flourish Great Britain, long live our Country, long live King William.* And not long after her Majesty meeting the King, all along upon the Road these lucky Omens, and transcending Applauses fill'd the Sky. *Under the Protection of our King and Queen we live; under their Protection we Navigate and Trade; under their Protection we enjoy our Fortunes and our Liberties.* Then most August Monarch, should any one from among those vast congratulating, and triumphing Multitudes have shew'd himself, and presag'd that those Rejoycings were but the Fore-runners of Grief, and would be soon defil'd by some signal Calamity impending on the Royal Family, would he not have been deservedly lookt upon as some impertinent Enthusiastick? So ignorant are human Minds of future Chance and Fate. Such Sacrifices and Attornments as these the Omnipotent has prescrib'd to vaunting Mortals, and ordain'd it as a Law, that the greatest Inconstancy should rule their Affairs, the Prosperity of which no Man could ever so assuredly promise himself, as to depend upon a Fortunate Course of his Life without some intermixture of Adversity. Thus it fell out, that when the toilsome Labours of the Camp had recall'd the King to Rest, and Pastime, a mournful Calamity shook and oppress'd his generous Soul, still wakeful over the safety of his Kingdoms, where all succeeded according to his Mind, and no less vigilant for the Common Good of the *Belgians*, who conceiv'd in their Minds a lucky Omen of success from the more early than usual, tho' ardently wish'd for return of their renown'd General. For upon the third of *January 1697*. The Queen was seiz'd with a slight shivering, but which threaten'd nothing of danger to her Life, the Physicians giving hope of Relief and Cure, believing this Royal Fortress might be defended by their Hands. But upon the sixth of *January* the Fever gathering Strength, and reinforcing its Virulency, and the small-Pox, a Contagion generally incident to Youth, appearing, but not kindly coming forth, tho' all help and re-

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medies were apply'd that human Experience has invented against the violence of that distemper, it was in vain at length for all the Art of Physick to contend; for the Disease immediately seiz'd upon the Queen with such a pernicious force as vanquish'd all the aid of Man. All the while the King refus'd to stir from the Languishing Queen's Bedside, assiduous to serve her, and careless of the Infection that many times accompanies that Malady; and being often requested to spare his Royal Person, and not to inflict another Wound upon suffering *Europe*, made Answer, That when he Marry'd the Queen, he Covenanted to be the Companion not only of her Prosperity, but of whatever Fortune beset her, and that he would, with the hazard of his Life receive from her Lips her last expiring Gasps.

*Felices ter, & amplius
Quos Irrupta tenet Copula, nec Malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Suprema citius solvet Amor Dic.*

All hope of Recovery now was fled away, and the most Reverend Father in God, the Archbishop of *Canterbury* being admitted into the Room in order to perform the last Duties of his Function, told her Majesty, that the fatal hour was at hand, that the Forces of her Body being weaken'd, and broken, Death was making his Approaches, and therefore she had nothing more to do, but to submit herself to the Pleasure of the Almighty. Such a harsh and disconsolate Message would have struck another Person, tho' long exercis'd and harden'd in Stoical Indolency, with Horror and Trembling. But what said the Queen to this? Full of Faith and Constancy, she receiv'd the tidings with a cheerful and undaunted Countenance, saying withal, That she did no way seek to shun the the stroke of Death, but was ready prepar'd for the Dark Mansion of the Grave, for that she had always so led her Life, that whenever Death gave her his last Summons, she should be a gainer by it. Having thus spoken without the least emotion of Mind, she receiv'd the certain Pledges of Divine Peace, and ineffable Consolation to al-
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lay the Thirst and Hunger of her Soul, deliver'd her by the Most Reverend Father, at the same time with most ardent Wishes, and pious Ejaculations; calling upon her Redeemer nail'd to the Cross.

This last and most mournful Act remain'd, and then the King oppress'd, and bowing under the Burden of his own Sorrows, ere death had quite benum'm'd her trembling Arteries, and the warm Vapour of Breath lay panting in her sacred Breast, bid her Eternally farewell. Which last demonstrations, and evident signs of the most tender motions of the Soul were perform'd with that Sincerity of a Cordial Passion, that you may readily, most Learned Auditors, conjecture the Anguish of such a doleful Parting, though my Oration, my bow being enfeebled with Sadness, cannot reach the perfect Description. At length — — my words stick fast upon my Tongue — — At length — — I say, upon the seventh day of the Ides of *January*, about twelve a Clock at Noon, the Blessed Queen resign'd her pure Soul to God with a most placid Exit, not having fully accomplish'd the thirty third year of her Age, and consequently in the flower of her Years: This was the End of a Queen, in whom not only Piety, Benignity, and Humanity, but all Vertues seem to be eclips'd. Oh cruel Fate! Oh untimely Death! Timely I should have said, my Accompt fail'd me. For if we measure the Course of the Queen's Life, circumscrib'd by Years, at first sight it appears to be very much streightned, and very short. But if we look farther, we shall find it to be a long, and immense Race of Glory. One day of a Wise Man, says *Possidonius*, is more extensive then the whole Age of an ignorant Person. That same *Alexander*, whose Archièvements acquir'd him the name of *Great; Germanicus Cæsar*, endur'd with as many Graces of Body and Mind as I remember any Man to have been, both dy'd at the same Age, and if we may presume to compare small with great things, he whose Garment and Thigh has these Words inscrib'd upon 'em, *Rex Regum*, prolong'd his days no farther: In this accompt we find it often fall out quite contrary to the Opinion of *Diogenes*, maintaining by way of Dispute, that they who make it their Business, during the whole Course of their Lives, to be benefici-

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al to Mankind, and to seek renown by Laudable Atcheivments, and profitable Sciences, ought to live longer then they who waste their leisure in sloth and Idleness.

The King, when the first word of her final departure, swoon'd more than once away; and that some undaunted Hero, Fearless of all Dangers, who never was wont to fly before a tenfold Number of Enemies, who never gave way to the ensnaring Ambuscadoes and Thefts of War, who always stood immoveable in the middle of Showers of Bombs, Granadoes, and Bullets, sunk under the weight of one single Sorrow. But he is easily to be pardoned. For he wants the Queen, the sweet half of his Soul, whom he was wont to lay in his Bosom, whom he lov'd more tenderly than his Eyes, whom he was wont to make the partaker of his Cares, and whom he always made the Companion of his Joys. The Palace of *Whitehall* resounded with the Sobs and Sighs of those wail'd her Decease, but the Publick Lamentation not to be confin'd within those narrow Walls, orewhelm'd the whole City of *London*, and struck with Consternation the Hearts of all Men, Peers, and Common People, young and old, Matrons and Virgins, so deeply did the sence of the Misfortune penetrate all Ages. The unspeakable cruelty of Death was bemoan'd, the spacious Age of Time upbraided and accused, the General Misfortune bewail'd, and a universal disguise of Sorrow, disfigur'd the Countenances of both Sexes.

This fatal News from *England* reach'd our Coasts; to which at first, because we always slowly believe those Rumours which are unwelcome to us, we gave but little credit. Presently all People were in a hurry, one runs one way, another another, and what is this sad News they cry, whence comes it, who reports it? But being at length assur'd by frequent Confirmations, presently all Men of Worth and Prudence, who made a just Estimate of the loss which the Publick sustain'd by the Death of the Queen, were seiz'd with more than ordinary Grief, which fail'd not to diffuse it self into universal Mourning and Lamentation. And now you People of *England*, who retain the acknowledgment of those Immortal Benefits, which the Queen conferr'd upon ye, when she succour'd your Religion and Liberty. You *Belgians*, to whom the Queen, for her Maternal Indul-

Indulgence was dearer then your Lives. I make my appeal to ye in the memorable Words of *Metellius*, surnam'd *Macedonicus*, who when the News was brought him of the Death of *Scipio Æmilianus*, thus bespake his Sons: Go, Children, Solemnize the *Obsequies*; you will never behold the Funeral of a braver Citizen, So I say to you— Go *English Men*, go *Belgians*, solemnize her *Obsequies*.— You will never behold the Funeral of a greater Queen. But wherefore do I by an unpleasing Commemoration go about to impose Affliction and the performances of Respectful sorrow upon those that are forward enough of themselves. Let us rather return Thanks to God, that he permitted the Residence of so great a Queen among us, 'till he call'd her to himself, which was the saying, and the Consolation of those who attended the Funeral of *Marcus Antonius*, that most worthy Emperor, without any Tears or Lamentations. Let us raise our Minds above Necessity, and our Thoughts above Fate. Were her *Manes* permitted to return back to us, the Queen would tell us she was well, and that we did but envy her in grieving: For that indeed, that is to be accounted the affection of true Love, which outwardly shews it self, and which forgetful of it self is transported to what it loves. But as they say the Effigies of *Phidias* can never be defac'd from the Shield of *Pallas*, so we cannot better deserve of *Marie*, the most renown'd Queen within the Memory of Ages, then by storing up her Vertues in the most secret Recesses of our hearts on purpose for imitation. We know that the Roman Senate was wont by a decree to propose for a Pattern to all those that were sent abroad to command in the Provinces, one only *Quintus Mucius Scaevola*, once their high Priest, as if they had display'd in that one Person whatever was Egregious and Illustrious, and consequently fit for Imitation: So now they who at present sit, or shall hereafter sit at the Helm of Government, have one only Queen, far transcending not only her Sex, but *Mucius* himself, to be by them recommended for universal Imitation to all those who would not want any of those accomplish'd Perfections, by which we ascend the Steps to Heaven. I congratulate thee, O Queen, for that Felicity of Living so long, as it was this thy desire, while it was thy daily acknowledgment, that thou hadst learnt to dye. Hail, and farewell most beautiful and
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blest Royal Soul. The King, and all of us must follow thee in that Order which Nature has appointed. Hail most happy Soul, all hail, and Eternally farewell.

Lastly to thee, most Potent Monarch, environ'd with Anguish and Affliction, and welcom'd home with such an unfortunate Calamity, I address my self. Forbear great Sir, forbear to bath your Royal Cheeks continually in streams of Tears, but set just limits to your Sorrows, Sorrows that will nothing avail. — I know, said the Wife *Athenian*, and for that reason grieve the more, that all my Mourning and Lamentation does me no good. I confess indeed, Invincible Prince, I must acknowledge 'tis a great matter, the remembrance of the Embraces, the Company and Converse of such a Queen, the depository of the greatest part of your Cares, so studious, and diligent in her Obedience and Complacency. But your transcending Prudence doubtless considers that the Supream Arbitrer of all things is not bound to fulfill all our Wishes and desires. 'Tis a trite Proverb, The young Man whom God loves soon dies. The great Reward of Dying well is fix'd beyond all danger of those Vexations and Calamities with which the Life of Mortal Men contends. Then with your wonted Resolution sustain a Loss that could not be avoided; revive your Spirits, and renew your Strength, bow'd down with Sorrow, and like a second *Joshuah*, your days of Mourning being over, take care of your Person, take care of the Welfare of all *Europe*; and may the Almighty, who has been your Protection all along, wipe away all your tears of Grief, prosper you Counsels and Affairs, and add to your own the Years which he has taken from your Queen.

A
Funeral Oration
O F
J. G. Grevius,
UPON THE
D E A T H
O F
M A R Y II.
QUEEN of Great Britain, France
and Ireland.

Perform'd by Authority of the Illustrious and Potent Orders of the Diocess of Utrecht.

Done into English from the Latin Original.

L O N D O N.

Printed for John Danton at the Raven in Jewen-street, and are also to be Sold by Edm. Richardson near the Poultry-Church.
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A

Funeral Oration

UPON THE

Death of the QUEEN.

THIS Day is Buried the Greatest Queen of *Great Britain*. Are our Affairs reduc'd to this, that what was only wanting to compleat our Miseries, the bitter Death of August *MART*, as an Accumulation of our Sadness, must fall out to render yet more Grievous the Misfortune of these Mournful Times! the Death of August *MART*, that has afflicted *England* with an Unspeakable, loss that hardly admits of Consolation, has struck *Holland* with Astonishment, and fill'd all the Christian World with Anguish and Consternation. Already brighter Suns began to shine, and the Minds of all Men were erected to hope a more prosperous Fortune, and more easie times; when of a sudden an unexpected Tempest, like Thunder rattling with loud Noise and Terror from a serene Sky, strikes and throws down all before it, and changes all our promising Hopes into Fear and pensive Solitude. Oh, how sudden and how swift is

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the Vicissitude of Humane Affairs! Therefore we behold not only the Dresses, but the Countenances of all men chang'd with sorrow, and the deeper sence of so great an affliction; which having pierc'd the very Marrow, is not to be asswag'd, nor alleviated by any applications of comfortable Words. For together with this most pious Queen, even *England* and *Holland* themselves are this day carry'd forth to be entomb'd. Therefore we behold the Fathers of our Country in Sable, Pale, and with their Eyes fixed upon the Ground, and delug'd with tears, and by their mournful silence testifying the Extremity of that sorrow which afflicts their Breasts. Nor is it a smaller Demonstration of embitter'd Grief, which all Degrees, and every Age, and every Sex in all places openly discover by their sobbings, sighs and lamentable Wailings. Nor does the Ignorance of Infancy, nor the forgetful Insensibility of decrepit Years, nor the simplicity of Women sitting at home, exempt 'em from the sadness that oppresses Us. Not only Men, but the Country Cottages, the Coverings of our Cities, our Market-places, Courts of Judicature, our Tribunals, our Schools and Academies, o're-spread with Deformity, mute, and almost in Ruines, seem to grieve, as being afraid of being levell'd with the Earth, now their Supportress is gone. The very Walls of this Magnificent Church, the Portice's and Chappels hung with Mourning, and despoyl'd of their Ornaments, fill our Eyes and Minds with all the Marks of Incredible Distraction. Lastly, there is no place, wherein there is not some Monument or other fixed of Publick and Inconsolable Lamentation. When the Death of *Drusus Germanicus*, who by his singular Vertue and Benevolence toward all Men, had after a wonderful manner won the Good Will not only of his Fellow Citizens, but of all forreign Princes and People, was reported at *Rome*, the *Romans*, inflam'd with a certain Rage of Mourning and Sorrow, defac'd their Temples, pull'd down

down the Altars of their Gods, threw their Household Deities into the Streets; Fathers of Families expos'd the New-born Births of their Wives: foolishly they, and wickedly, who went about to bring their Gods into Hatred, by Abjuring their Worship, with whom they were angry, for the loss of *Germanicus*, ravish'd from 'em. But we are angry with our selves, and our sins, by which God being deservedly provok'd, has taken from us the best of Queens within the memory of History, at an unlucky time, and in the flower of her Age. And yet we no less impartially Grieve, than those *Antient Romans*, tho we are far remote from their impious Piety. For this incurable Wound, which is laid upon us, so tears and rends the minds of all Men, that the Torments of infinite Grief overcome all Consolation, and all Physick whatever is too weak for the terrible Distemper, under which we groan. But as the Death of so great a Queen is an accident lamented by all Good, so by none more bewail'd, if we except the King himself, than by the most Illustrious Fathers of *Utrecht*. How many Signs and Arguments of this most Just Grief for our incredible Loss are Extant every where! Nevertheless they were desirous that the Force and Exuberancy of it should be also from my Lips made known as well to others Living, as to succeeding Posterity.

How well could I now wish that I had never understood Letters! And this I speak with more sincerity, than that Emperor, who being to subscribe the Warrant for the Execution of a Capital Offender, cried out in like manner, Oh, that I had never known to Write! For my mind abhors and Flies the Performance of this Dismal function, both because of the weight of that sorrow which has so broken and weak'nd all the parts of my mind, that they can hardly recollect themselves; as also, for that tho I were in perfect Vigour, neither struck nor afflicted with any Trouble, yet I
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am conscious to my self of my own Inability, and must acknowledge my self inferior to the Task imposed upon me, of setting forth the high Praises and Merits of this Divine Queen. Yet there is two things which not a little confirm me, and inspire something of a Soul in me, the praise that attends Obedience, which was all along a most sacred and certain convincement, that no man, tho most plentifully furnished with all the Endowments of Wit and Learning, and exceeded all Mortals in speaking Eloquently and Politely, can be able, I will not say in words, but in thoughts, to reach the true Encomiums of *August Mary*, who alone shin'd forth in all sorts of Vertue, not only above the Genius of her Sex, and the Age she liv'd in, but above the Examples of all the most praise-worthy Heroesses in all times; that she may be deservedly proclaim'd to be the *Only Queen*, or rather more truly the *Queen of Queens*. Nor can there a greater Praise belong to any man, than that it is not in the Power of any man to praise him sufficiently.

I shall therefore speak of *MARY STUART*, because I am engaged to speak, not according to the Dignity of the Subject, the excellency of which no mortal can attain to, but according to the Strength of Capacity and Endowments. Nor do I doubt but you, most noble and Worthy Auditors here present, out of your Incomparable Veneration for the Queen, will give a favourable attention to what I shall say, tho it may not answer the Merits of the Queen, nor your Exyectation. While I obey the Will of those, from whom my will ought never to disagree; I am in hopes that you will also be satisfied with my most earnest Zeal to satisfy your Commands, tho my strength may not equal the Decree of my mind.

I am unwilling, Noble Auditors, at the beginning, to be tedious in those things, upon which the Orations of those Men that pay the last Duties to the *Manes* of great Personages are wont to enlarge. I shall say nothing of *Great Brit-*

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tain, the most Fortunate of all the Islands upon which the Sun shines, the Parent of Emperors, the Foster-Mother of so many Potent Kings, and famous for their Noble Atchievements in all Climates of the Earth; the Nurse of so many Courageous Leaders; the Domicel of the Reformed Religion and all laudable Arts, the Seat of Liberty, wherein *MART* first drew her Vital Breath. Let them admire and boast the Felicity of their Country, to whom their Country is an Ornament, not they who adorn their Country. *MART*, in whatever Land she had been born, had been adjudg'd worthy of that high Degree, to which the State of her Birth had exalted her, as being form'd by the Hands of more Benign Nature to Royal Dignity. She had Shon with her own Beams even in Darknesh it self; such a disposition to Vertue appear'd in her from her tender Years. The Glory of an Illustrious Family, won by the Vertue of the Founders, is admir'd among all People. For as *Gems* more splendidly glitter when set in Gold, so Vertue shines forth more-dazlingly in true Nobility. However, they who are puffed up with Titles, and grow big with the Images of their *Ancestors*, supported by no Vertue of their own, are not worthy of those Ornaments. They fall from their Nobility, who fully the Dignity of it with Pride, Sloath and other Vices. *MART* was sufficiently Ennobl'd by her Descent: But so great and so incredible was the multitude of the admirable Vertues of this Princess, that she rather Illustrated her Ancestors, than was illustrated by them; and contributed more Ornaments to the Enlargement of their Glory, than she receiv'd from their Antiquity. What men have admir'd as the principal Ornaments of an Illustrious Family in particular Persons, all those crowded together, so far as her Sex was capable, in *MART*, the most accomplish'd with all Endowments and Perfections of Body and Mind, which God, the giver of all good things, had largely con-

fer'd upon her. But vvhy do I insist upon those things vvch are common to her, with her Ancestors, when she abounds with so many particular Graces and Ornaments peculiarly her own? Among which, that her Piety to God, and her Love of Religion, held the chiefeſt place, there's none of you that ever doubted.

What the Sun is in Heaven among the Stars, that Piety is among the Vertues. All Light is derived from the Sun: From Piety also and Religion, as from the only and most Limpid Fountain, flow the rest of the Vertues, which she foster'd in her Bosom and her Embraces: What Prudence, what Fortitude, what Fidelity, what Moderation, what Benignity can be found in any other person, where there is not care taken to suppress the Turbulent Motions of the Mind, to restrain the Impetuosities of Desire, and be mindful of their Dignity and Duty? But this is the Work of Religion only. Now with what a Love of Religion the August MART was inflam'd, with what a fervency of Mind she was incens'd, to the Improvement of her Piety, I should not adventure to commemorate, were it not a thing well known to all people, not only to such as attended about her Person, but to the Embassadors of forreign Princes and Commonwealths, who frequented the Queens Court. They will hardly gain credit, perhaps, among those who understand the Manners and Customs of Courts, and of those that are bred up in 'em; or among such who are perswaded that Religion, Piety, and Modesty, are only Names made use of to impose upon the People, or at least the Properties of private persons.

They who would be accounted Pious among Men, think it sufficient to say their Prayers Morning and Evening, to read a Chapter in the Bible, and go duely to hear the Sermons at Church upon a *Sunday*: If they acquit themselves of these Duties, they think they do enough; and considering

ing the Contempt and Neglect of sacred things now a-days, their Piety is to be commended. But MARY'S Religion was not circumscrib'd within these Narrow Limits: In the Morning so soon as she rose, she spent Two hours alone in her Bed-Chamber, in Prayers, in Reading, and Contemplation of Heavenly Things. If Affairs of Moment call'd her sooner to the Publick Management, she rather chose to spare something of her accustomed Hours allowed for Sleep and Rest, than to lose a Moment of the time which she had consecrated to God. About Nine a clock she went to the Chappel, and there with the Royal Household, and such others as mov'd by her Example resorted thither, she offered up her most Innocent Supplications to God. The same thing she did every day about five a Clock. Nor would she suffer her self to be called away from this settled performance of sacred Duties, by any Sports, and Allurements of Lawful Pleasures, any Audiences of Princes, or Royal Embassadors.

This was the Law which she had Ordain'd to her self of daily attoning God. O singular and unwonted lover of Religion in that so high station of Fortune, in that healthy condition of Youthful Age, in that abundance of Delights and Pleasures, wherein Devotion is but little minded! And this is that, which I am sure you all admire. Attend, I beseech ye, and ye shall hear those things which will redound to the greater Admiration of the QUEEN. When WILLIAM, Prince of *Orange* was Solicited and Importun'd by the Unanimous and loud Voice of *England*, to vindicate her Sacred Rites, that were Polluted, to assert her Laws, that were trampled underfoot, to ward off the Destruction and Bondage that hung over the Necks of all the People of *England*, and *Europe* that was wounded through her sides; by a certain Instinct of Heaven, and with the good will of all Kings and Princes, those excepted who design'd and Plotted all these

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Mischiefs, he undertook the *English* Expedition. Then it was, that the most Pious *MART* spent, not only three or four Hours, as she was wont to do, in Prayers, in Supplications; and as well in publick as Domestick Performances of Divine Duties. When she had performed 'em all in the *English*, she went to the *French* Church, and after that to the *Dutch* Congregations; in all which, Prayers were put up for several hours for the Preservation of the Greatest Prince, and for the prosperous Success of that Expedition undertaken for the Preservation of the Christian Name, and the Defence of its Dignity. No wonder then that Heaven, whose Cause was then the Subject of the Contention, bow'd down a ready Ear to the Suppliant and most Pious *MART*, and the Prayers of so many good People. But I return to *MART*'s daily Meditations of Piety. The rest of the day, which required not her Care of the Kingdom, in the King's absence, she did not waste in vain Discourses, in hearing stories of the Amours of Princes and Illustrious Ladies; nor in reading those Trifles, commonly called Novels; but she read over her self, or caused to be recited by others, either the Divine Monuments of Sacred Story, or such other Books as explain'd the Mysteries, Heads of Christian Doctrine, or by wholesome Precepts stir'd her up to the leading of an Honest and Vertuous life. She was so taken with reading the Sacred Scriptures, which the Prophets and other Cœlestiall Authors Inspir'd by God delivered in Writing, that she never laid it out of her Hands, but twice a year read it over from the beginning to the end, once her self in her Chamber, then again in her Chappel, where in the daily service so much was recited every day by the Minister, as would suffice to compleat the going through the whole Book within the Year. Is there any one among Us, most Noble Auditors, the Ministers themselves, who have so Assiduously in their hands the Divine Oracles? Is there any one who with

so much Affection, so much Diligence, or rather with so much Benefit to themselves? This Queen had searched so profoundly into the Doctrines of Christian Religion, she had so imbib'd it, she had so retain'd it in her memory, that she excell'd most men, who had spent all their Lives in the Study of this Cœlestial Doctrine: So that she was able accurately to refel the Impetuous Violences of those that laboured might and main, to stop the Foundations of Truth. Nor could she by any Allurements, by any Threats, by any Dangers be deterr'd from defending the true Doctrine.

I see not a few, who have hitherto heard what I have said, with impartial Ears, contract their Brows, and silently wonder at my Boldness, who have attributed those things to a Queen but young in Years, which few could attain to, who have grown Old in the Study of Divinity, so far as to accuse me of foul Adulation; or of that Levity, of which some Orators are guilty, who being carried away with an Immoderate Love of those things, which they have design'd to praise, aggravate their Encomiums, with expressions too far strain'd, and extol what they praise to an higher pitch, than what it truly deserves.

I fear lest they should lay to my Charge what in the last Age was laid to the Charge of *Walter Haddon*, Master of the Requests to Great *Elizabeth*, that other Immortal Glory of the British Queens, by *Jerome Osorius*, Bishop of *Sylvia* in *Portugal*, a most Eloquent Person in his time. *Haddon* had answer'd an Epistle of *Osorius*, written to *Elizabeth*, wherein the Bishop had most bitterly inveigh'd against Innovators, as he call'd 'em: in this Answer *Haddon* had extoll'd the Queens Prudence in Ecclesiastical Matters, and admonish'd *Osorius* that he should take heed lest the Queen should brandish the Improvement of her Studies against him. This *Osorius* took ill in his defamatory Answers to *Haddon's* Defence, and

taxed him for Imprudent Flattery. *Oforius* allow'd, that he could easily suffer Elegancy of Wit and Learning, Humanity, knowledge of the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues, and deep reading in Philosophy to be applauded in a Queen; but for a Woman to be extoll'd for her Knowledge in Divinity, was a thing neither to be endur'd nor believ'd. Nevertheless then *Elizabeth* exceeded *Mary* in Years. But I shall easily, most Noble Auditors, wipe off from my self the suspicion of Adulation, if, as hitherto you have done, you will lend me an attentive Ear.

What *Elizabeth* could do I shall not now dispute; what *Mary* did I shall faithfully relate without any Rhetorical Colours, a thing worthy for all Nations to hear. Then do you be Judges, whether I have spoken like a Flatterer, or, as others more softly say, like an Orator; or whether plainly, truly, and faithfully.

King *JAMES* the Father of *MARY*, when he came to the Crown, employ'd all his Cares and Thoughts, and made it his Business to repeal several Acts which his Ancestors had made for the Support of the Reform'd Religion; more especially to abolish the Law which enacted taking of the Test, which abjur'd all Power and Authority which the Pope, or any other Mortal claim'd, or could claim either in Civil or Ecclesiastical Matters within the Kingdom. *MARY* openly declar'd that she could not approve his Conduct, nor assent to those who urg'd that the *English* might be absolv'd from the Sanctity and observance of that Oath, nor that any one for the future was to be forc'd to it. The King inform'd of this, order'd his Envoy, then at the *Hague*, to make it out to *MARY*, and persuade her, that she had a wrong Opinion, enduc'd thereby by false Reasons and Grounds of her Father's Intentions and Meaning in that Particular. The Envoy taking a fit Opportunity, held the Queen in a long Discourse upon
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this Subject, bringing not a few, nor those Vulgar Arguments out of Scripture, many Testimonies out of the most Ancient and most Learned Fathers of the Church, and more than one Reason from the Knowledge of things which Nature has imprinted in our Minds. When the Queen had attentively heard him, She did not answer him with a Laconism; she so readily and so smartly of a sudden took to pieces the Envoy's Discourse, and his Arguments, refuted all his Reasons with so much Judgment, that when the Envoy was dismissed by the Queen, he could not forbear testifying and acknowledging in the publick Hall of the Court, before a great many Persons of high Quality and Dignity, that he could never have believ'd there had been a Woman in the World endued with so much understanding of the Christian Doctrine, and of the Opinions urged to her upon the several Heads of that Doctrine; or that could defend what she thought with so much strength and weight of Reason, and fortify it with so strong a Guard against all assaults of open Hostility or Treacherous Insinuation.

He added moreover, that he was perswaded, that this Princess could be mov'd by no man living from those Opinions concerning Religion, wherewith she was so thoroughly seasoned. Nor would he be the occasion that any One should attempt to Discourse her any more upon that occasion, unless he intended to lose his Labour: And this was what he also wrote to King James.

In this Conference with the *English* Agent the most prudent Princess added thus much farther, *That she could not sufficiently admire, nor indeed imagin how it should come to pass, that any man, not void of Reason or Sence, or that had a right Judgment of God and Divine matters, or had comprehended in his mind the true manner of Worshipping him, could prove a Deserter, and run from our Religion to the Ceremonies of Rome.*

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When the Agent Replied, that her Father, the King of Great Britain, was a living Example of a better Approbation of the *Romish* Worship. She made Answer, *That there was nothing griev'd her more ; and the only thing she wonder'd at, by whose seduction, upon what occasion, by what arguments he could be induced to betray the Bulwork of purest Truth ; and having left that, upon what supporters, the Security and Tranquillity of his mind could rely.* These things the most Wife and Prudent MARY.

Not long after, when there was no question but that King James had been Certified of all these things by his Agent's Letters ; the Father sends a long and weighty Epistle to his Daughter, wherein he set forth at large the occasion, the reasons and methods he had followed in abandoning our Worship, and embracing the Opinions of *Rome*. This Letter from King James was delivered to MARY, upon *Tuesday* in the Evening ; the Messengers who brought it, being to return into *England* the next day. Wherefore, when she had read it over and over again with extraordinary attention, and Studiously considered every thing ; she set her self to return an Answer, wherein she spent the greatest part of the Night. And tho frequently put in mind that it was time to go to Bed, and that it behov'd her to take care of her Health, which would be much disorder'd by Watching ; the most Prudent Queen made Answer, *That the Duty of Answering the King's Letters, was to be preferr'd before Sleep, lest she should be straitned in time the next day, and thereby be hindred from performing what she ow'd to her Father.* That therefore she made the more haste, lest if the Messenger should slip away vvithout her Ansver, it might be suspected that she had made use of help, and got some Divine to vvrite her Letters for her ; vvich if her Father should believe, they vvould vvant that vveight and Effect, vvich by the Favour of God, she promised her self from dispatching 'em vvith all speed she could.

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The King's chief Argument was taken from the Antiquity, and the long and immovable endurance of the *Roman Church*, Establish'd and Founded upon the Promises of Christ; *Thou art Peter*, &c. To which were added other places, Arguments and Testimonies heaped together to corroborate that Opinion. All which the most ingenious Princess Answered and refuted in so short a time; and with so much Politeness and Judgment, that an Eminent Divine, and some few other Persons, conspicuous for their Quality and Integrity, who afterwards were permitted to see a Copy of that Epistle, ravish'd into Admiration, asserted, that they could never have perswaded themselves that such a Letter, so full of Grave and Efficacious Arguments, could have been Written by any Man, much less by a Woman, unless by one who had Devoted his whole Life to the Study of the Scriptures, and true Divinity. Strange swiftness and perspicacity of a Divine Wit! Strange piercing Force of Judgment! No snares of Treachery were so occultly laid, which the August Queen did not readily discover; no Sophisms so fallaciously specious, that could deceive Her; No knots so difficult, but she should unloose 'em at first sight. Go now, you that are all over nothing but Envy or ill Will; you that are blinded by your own ignorance, weigh the vast Endowments of the Greatest of Queens, by the Exilities of your own slender Parts, go now and taunt me with *Adulation*.

This Oration is so far from flattery, that all men now may see, that the greatest applause of Words is far inferior to the Merits of so great a Queen. Such was also the sanctity of MARY'S Life, that King WILLIAM, after her Decease, calling to mind her Piety toward God, the Integrity of her Life, and her Extraordinary Knowledge of sacred things, brake forth into this Expression, *That if he could believe that ever any mortal man could be born without the contami-*

uation of sin, he would believe it of the Queen. And she preserv'd her self so chaste and spotless, that while she resided upon Earth, she liv'd the Life of the Saints, even in the hurry of the Court, where there are so many incitements to evil, that entice men from the Exercise of Piety, so many allurements to pleasure, that inveigle and bewitch the mind.

But as our Divine MARY burn'd with a singular Love of Piety and Religion, so was she of a Soaring and Exalted Mind. For they, who addicting themselves to the Observance of the most pure Religion, are once assur'd, that being as it were encompass'd with Cœlestial Protection, they shall not be forsaken, will never despond, let the Confusions of War Rage round about 'em, let the Earth Tremble, and Heaven be ready to fall, and all things menace present Mortality and Pestilence.

As to her Contempt of Humane Glory, her Constancy in the most violent Storms of Adverse Fortune, I wish, as they are great things, and Aggravations of her lofty Soul, I wish it were in my power to set forth in as magnificent Language! *The Field is infinitely large of rare and unusual Examples;* but neither the barrenness of a slender Wit, nor the straitness of my Time will permit me to expatiate into these Boundless Themes. We must be content with a Few.

How great was the Consternation of all men, how general the Dismay and Terror, when *William*, Prince of *Orange*, not so much Invited and Requested by *England*, tho she stretched forth her suppliant Hands to Him for succour, as by the Call of Heaven, at an unseasonable time, when both *Seas and Adverse Winds* with tumultuous Fury opposing him, with such an handful hasten'd to *England's* Relief, under the Oppression of Numerous Armies, I believe that most of you remember. For we may sooner forget our selves than such a dreadful season. Only MARY undaunted awaited the Event of Heaven's Decrees; She Only wanted no Consolation;

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on ; She alone exhorted and confirm'd the Trembling ; Womanish Fear in Men, in M A R Y Manly Resolution and Courage vvas to be seen. These vvere Noble Things, and to be celebrated vvith the Encomiums of all *Ages* and all Men. And yet they are but Sport and Play, if I may so call 'em, to vvhat you shall now hear. An Hideous Bulk of threatning Evils at the same time roul'd vvith all its Force to overwhelm all *England* and *Holland* : The Heaven, the Sea and Land seem'd to have conspired their ruin and destruction: The Army of the Confederates had received a deep wound in the Battle of *Fleurus*. In the sight of *England* a misfortune besel our *Fleet*, some of our Men of War being sunk and burnt ; whilst others were detain'd by contrary Winds, from succouring those that were o're Powred. From *Ireland* News was brought, tho ours had Vanquish'd the Rebels at the *Boyn*, that the King was Wounded, in the heat of the Fight, with a Canon Bullet. The Report was spread abroad that he was slain, insomuch that publick Rejoycings were ordered at *Paris* by publick Authority, in a Tempestuous Night, and all the Streets and Houses Blaz'd and Shon with Illuminations and Bonfires, the signs I will not determine whether of Joy or Madnes, not to be defac'd by length of Time, as if the VVar had been at an end, had the King of *England* been Dead. All these things were at the same time tumultuously repeated, while Fame augmented, as is usual, every thing for the worse. To this we may add how certainly it was believed that the *French Fleet* were preparing to Land a great *Army* in *England*, which was to penetrate into the Heart of the Kingdom, naked then of Military Defence ; the Souldiery being either in *Ireland*, or the *Low Countries*. 'Tis hardly to be imagin'd how great the Fear the Dread, the Consternation was of the Nobility, Gentry and common People. Still the Queen displayed no sign of Fear, nothing of dubious anxiety, nothing of sadness either
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in her looks or words ; more Especially when she heard, that the Wound in the King's shoulder was neither Mortal nor Dangerous. MARY at that time Rode through the City of *London*, with so Serene a Countenance, that Tranquillity and Security seem'd to shine in her Eyes. The People beholding the Queen so void of any Perturbation, repented and recovered themselves from their extraordinary Consternation. Nor were the People only refresh'd and revived with chearful Hearts and Countenances, but also the Nobility, the King and Queen's Friends and sharers of all their *Arcana*. For when the Queen shewed the same mind in Council, no less sedate and Void of Tumult; so soon as she was gone, a person of the Highest Quality and Dignity acknowledg'd that after he had seen and heard the Queen, he was much more Confirm'd in his Mind than before. That so many Messengers of ill News from all parts, one upon the Neck of another, had strook a dread into him, and a very great fear of more terrible Calamities, but that now he was releast from his Fears, in regard that neither in the Queen's Countenance, nor in her Words, he perceived not the least sign of any Perturbation or Anxiety ; but that she still consulted for the general Good with the same constancy as before ; that with the same Advice and Judgment, she took care that nothing should fall out amiss at Home, that the publick should receive no damage ; and provided abroad, how Miscarriages might be attoned, losses repaired, and the Counsels of the Enemy be disappointed. These things when he saw, he could not sufficiently Admire the Incredible Fortitude of the Queen, nor could he believe the loss was so great, or Affairs in so ill a Condition, as they were generally thought to be. What an Illustrious Person so much admir'd, all Nations, all Posterity will wonder at. That there was so much Resolution in a Woman, that she could not be dejected by the severest Frowns of adverse Fortune, that would have

have shaken, and did shake the Courage and Counsels of Men themselves. *Octavianus Caesar*, when he heard of the *Varian* Slaughter, foolishly suffered his Hair and Beard to grow, as if the *Germans* had been afraid of his careless Beard, like men that are terrified with the streaming Tail of a Comet. He wept like a Woman, beat his Head for madness against the Wall, and like a man that had been Frantick, cry'd out, *Varus, Restore me back my Legions*; as if these Clamours could have Terrified the Enemy, or that the Slain could have thereby reviv'd. And this same Despair and Female Imbecillity of Mind, the same *Augustus* betray'd, as if *Hannibal* had been at the Gates of *Rome*, when three Legions were Defeated by the *Germans* in the utmost Confines of the *Roman* Empire. But what did our Couragious and Prudent Queen do, when the Army was Routed in the Adjoyning *Low Countries*; when in the very sight and throat of *England*, the Enemies Navy, numerous and Victorious, Rode Mistress of the Seas; when Rapines, Burnings, Slaughters, Desolation, presented themselves before the Eyes of all men; if the Enemy, which many were afraid of, which wicked Subjects boasted abroad, and Rebels wish'd, had turn'd their Forces against the *British* Shoar, in the King's absence, and while the Arms of *England* were Employ'd either in our Territories, or in *Ireland*? Nothing of all these things mov'd *MARY's* Courage; She did not yield to raging Torture, or submit her Courage to it; but the more boldly made resistance with an undaunted Vertue, never to be sufficiently Extoll'd by human Expressions; and with such a sublimity of Mind, whereby she not only overcame the Opinion of all men, but her self out-did her self; by which she attained to such a Degree of Glory and Dignity, as a Prince of highest Vertue can hardly be allowed to wish for in this Life.

No less Conspicuous was the Excellency of her lofty Mind in moderat Prosperity, as in her Couragious Brooking Ad-

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verſity. She never proudly abuſed ſo great a Power; never in that moſt Towering Station of Human Affairs, utter'd an haughty word, or did an unequal Aſt. For it was always her Opinion, that Royal Maſteſty conſiſted not in the Enſigns of Royalty, the Globe, the Scepter or the Crown; but in Vertuous Ornaments, in Gentleneſs, and the Power of doing Good to all People; and was deſirous it ſhould be conſpicuous for Sanctity and Sweetneſs of Manners, and Nobleneſs of Mind; not in ſwelling Pride, in haughty Pride, and intolerable diſdain of her Subjects, and of all other Men, with the Cecropida arrogated to themſelves, and Men of mean Condition, advanc'd above themſelves to ſplendideſs of Fortune.

Nor did the Queen more laudably excel in Maſteſty of Empire, than in Modeſty; of which how many Examples did ſhe ſhew to the World? But this was moſt ſingular and wonderful. She was call'd by the People of *England*, together with her Husband *William*, to be his Associate in the Kingdom, that as ſhe was the Conſort of his Bed, ſhe might be the Companion of his Scepter, and that they might Adminiſter the Government with equal Auſpices. This Power ſhe never exerciſed, unleſs when the King, in Vindicating and Aſſerting the Liberty of the Chriſtian World, was thundering with Arms abroad upon the *Meuſe*, the *Scheld*, or the *Boyne*, and going to croſs the Seas, committed the Reines of the Kingdom into her Right-hand; which ſhe rul'd ſo prudently with the general Applauſe of all Men, in the moſt difficult times, that none of her Subjects could perceive the King was abſent. The King was wanting in his Perſon; no body miſ'd his Courage or his Prudence. In Council, when Affairs of greateſt Moment and Intricacy were Diſcuſs'd, the moſt prudent Queen ne'r'e heſitated, never was at a ſtand; ſuch was her Diligence. ſuch her Diſcernment; ſo Capacious was her Couſel, that ſhe ſaw with a moſt piercing

cing Hye, what was needful to be done, and readily found out the Expedient, which way things were to be accomplish'd. For she had a Wise prospect into Futurity, that she might be thought to Prophesy, rather than Pronounce Decrees; and judg'd so truly of this present, that she might be thought to have deriv'd every sentence she spoke from some Oracular Answer of a Deity. So that the King might deservedly complain, when he lost our most Prudent MARY, that he had lost the best of all the Counsellors he had in his Council: You have heard a most true saying of great WILLIAM, who himself, as well in Military Courage, as in the Wisdom of Peace, is second to none of all the Kings that are, or ever were. He could never perform such great things abroad, unless he had those at home upon whose Fidelity and Counsel he might rely: For never at any time more certain Ship-wrack threatens a Commonwealth, than when such a one sits at the Helm, who wants to be Steer'd and Govern'd himself. But so far was this Queen from depending upon the Counsel of others, that many times, they who were of the Council, were convinc'd by her Arguments, and came over to her Opinion, tho' before they Dissented from it: And many times she greatly confirm'd those who wav'd between several Opinions.

What need I call to your Remembrance, the Vigilancy of the Queen? Day and Night, as in a Watch-Tower, she watch'd over the safety and Dignity of *England*, and the *United Provinces*. She never look'd off from their Preservations. She laid nothing more to Heart than the Publick Safety, the Liberty, the Ease of the People, the Harmony and Union of the Parliament, and the Harmony and Tranquility of the whole Commonwealth. It was the most sacred of all her Cares, to Govern her Subjects with a concurring Moderation. Which when she perform'd to a Miracle, the People on the other side, in the mortal Person of the Queen, reverenc'd

verenc'd the Present Immortal God, whose Image on Earth all supreme Powers Represent, so long as they faithfully and prudently fulfil all the Duties of just and legal Rule.

By this means she not only suppress'd, not so much by force of Arms, as by the Love of her Subjects, with which she was always strongly Guarded, from the Exorbitant Fury of Wicked Men, who during the King's absence, Plotted her Ruin and the Destruction of the Kingdom. These are Great things, and to be Celebrated by the Tongues and Pens of Posterity : Yet will I not contend with those who assert that the *British* Empire was Govern'd by *Elizabeth*, with no less Applause of Prudence and Moderation. But this is wonderful and unusual, that a Queen, when she sat at the Helm in the King's absence, all good subjects wishing all Prosperity to so just and mild a Rule ; while others were astonish'd, that the Rudder of Government should be so prudently and knowingly held by a Female Hand ; so soon as the King set foot again in the Kingdom, should not concern her self with any part or care of it, as if she had not been marry'd to the King, or that the Administration of the Kingdom had nothing belong'd to her, tho his Associate in the Government. Read over the Annals, Noble Auditors, of all Times and Nations ; revolve in your Memories whether you ever read or heard of any thing that may be compar'd with this Moderation of the Queen. There have been many Queens, many Princesses, who have taken upon 'em Masculine Cares, who have either had Uxorious Husbands, or have been by them willingly permitted to share the Sovereignty with 'em. You shall find no Woman, who being call'd by the Legal Suffrages of the People, to be an Associate in the Government, who ever actually executed the Regal Office, that did not challenge her self a great share of the Command, and thought she had an Injury done her, if she were not admitted to all Counsels taken concerning the
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Administration of the Government, or if she were not advis'd with in all manner of Transactions; or if she were Equal in Authority with her Husband, did not challenge to herself an Equal Right. They who have once tasted Sovereign Command, are hardly reduc'd to lead a private Life. You may sooner wrest *Hercules's* Club out of his hand, than desire of Dominion from such persons, especially from the Female Sex, who are generally Petulant, Proud, greedy of Power, Covetous of Command, and expert at putting all things into confusion, so they may attain their Desires. That She *Ulysses*, that she might not be despoil'd of that Power which she had exercis'd so many years by the connivance of her Husband, extinguish'd all *Augustus's* Family by her Treacheries, Frauds, and wicked Contrivances; not so much out of her Novercal Hatred, though that were also none of the least violent; but inflam'd with desire of Command, that she might advance her own Son to the Empire, and rule under his Minority as she had done before under the Indulgence of her Husband. Infinite other Examples of Female Pride, and Desire of Rule, might be produced, which neither Time nor Place will give us leave to recite. And indeed who can be ignorant of 'em, when every Age has produc'd several such Monsters? So much the more is the Moderation of Divine *Mary* to be wonder'd at, who might have Reign'd in her own Right, but would not, but in the Absence of King *William*; and who was so far from complaining or repining, that she gladly and freely resign'd the Government of the Kingdom upon his Return, as an hard and heavy burthen, which she had unwillingly born all the time before.

Where can a Moderation like to this be found, within the memory of History? She thought it the Greatest, and most Noble Act of Sovereignty, to be able to command her self. Those Tears, which were no counterfeited Droppings, and

which she shed when she understood that the Crown was Voted to Her and *William*, by both Houses of Parliament; what else did they signifie, but that *MART*'s Mind was far remote from all desire of Rule? Remember, I beseech ye, with what Grief and Reluctancy she suffered her self to be torn from our Re-publick. But it was not for her to withstand the hidden Counsels of Eternal Providence: She was to go where Destiny call'd her, not with an Intention to dethrone her Father, as an audacious Impostor lately took upon him to vomit forth against the most Pious Queen: For the Father had dethron'd himself by his subversion of the Laws, the Religion and Constitutions of the Kingdom, before any Forreigner mov'd to the Relief of *England*; but that she might succour her Country, forsaken, complaining, groaning, and imploring the Aid of Heaven, and the Faith of *William* and *Mary*. For this was the Only Remedy for *Britain* upon the Brink of the Precipice; nor had she any other to whom in her Despair she could have Recourse.

Therefore did *Great Britain* stretch forth her Right Hand to *MART*, when she came, and received their Conservatrix with a more than Ordinary Joy. Thence a New and Benign Light, in the midst of so great a Mist and so dark a Night, spread a bright, splendour quite through *Britain*; inso-much, that the day wherein *MART* and *WILLIAM* were inaugurated, might be accounted *England's* Second Birth-day, that wip'd off Rusty Decrepidness and Deformity from a Kingdom gayly flourishing before. But the Spring and Fountain of this wonderful Modesty, which during the whole course of her Life, she made appear by so many Rare Proofs to the whole World, was that, of which you have been told already, *Her Piety and Observance of Religion*. From thence proceeded that undefiled Conjugal Fidelity, that Chastity without blemish, that Benevolence toward all Mankind, that Munificence and Bounty toward the

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miserable. If ever any Woman, eminent above others; for the Splendor of her Descent, and Excellency of her outward Form, were the most affectionate to her Husband, and the most jealous of her Chastity, *DIVA STUARTA* was she. Who ever knew a Wife more Obedient, in a private Family? I here forbear to relate with what an Excess of Grief she parted from her *William's* side, when setting forward, and ready to quit the *English* Shoar in order to restore the Low Condition of *Europe's* Affairs. I neglect to tell, with how much Joy and Affection she received the King returning from the Conquest of *Ireland*. These are the vulgar Commendations of all Wives; but what I shall now commemorate, is a singular and most Illustrious Pledg, of a certain, more than wonderful Affection.

When King *James*, confiding in an hasty Flight, deserted the Kingdom, and left the Royal Throne quite Empty, and in a manner falling, it was Debated in the Convention, who should be set up in *James's* Room; whether the Ensigns of Sovereignty should be Offered to the Prince of *Orange*, and *Mary* his Consort, to Reign with Equal Power; or to *Mary* only, the Eldest Daughter of *James*, and in her Right to *William* her Husband. Many were of the last Opinion, but upon this Condition, that *Mary* should be Crown'd Queen; but that the Administration of the Government, should by Authority of Parliament, be committed to Prince *William*, as *Mary's* Husband, The Resident of a Certain Prince, who then Resided in *England*, so soon as he understood these things, though but uncertainly reported, over-hasty and credulous, as if the Thing had been already determined, presently hires a Messenger, and orders him with all the Speed imaginable, to carry the News to his Master, that *MARY* the Eldest Daughter of King *James* was by Decree of Parliament to be the next day Proclaim'd Queen of *England*.

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The Messenger was to pass through the *Hague*, and to impart the News in the Residents Name to a Person of High Authority, and no less high both in *William* and *Mary's* Esteem. He immediately hastens to the Court, and informs *Mary* of this Vote of the House, and congratulates her Advancement to the Royal Dignity. She, according to her wonted Good Nature, mildly indeed, but with a less familiar Countenance, and a more contracted Brow, made Answer, *That she neither hop'd those things to be true, which he related, neither did she believe that William would accept the Kingdom, as a Substitute to Female Authority, or as one that was to be beholden to a Woman for a Crown.*

I beseech ye, Noble Auditors, could the best of Princesses declare the Excess of her most tender Affection by a more Illustrious Argument? She had rather that her self, she had rather that her Husband should lose a *Kingdom*, than permit that he should receive it as her Gift; or that *William* should obtain by Female Favour, what he had deserv'd by the suffrage of his own Valour, as having undergone so many Toyls and Dangers for the Preservation of it. Hence, when some Peers of the highest Rank, who wish'd well to *MARY*, obstinately urg'd, *That the Kingdom should be decreed to William upon no other Conditions than those already mentioned; and asserted, that it would be a means to fix themselves in MARY's Favour;* She took it so unkindly, and after she was Crown'd Queen, openly complain'd of their Preposterous Argument; nor would, for a good while, admit those who had Voted after that manner, to kiss her Royal Hand; nor did admit 'em, till after some time that she was at last overrul'd by the *King*. What could be done more Lovingly; or what greater Testimony of Affection could Fiction invent? By what greater Argument could she demonstrate that nothing was dearer to her than her Husband? Neither Scepter nor Crown, for the sake of which, many Women
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abjure their Chastity, their Religion, all Veneration Divine and Human; if separated from King *William's* Interests, which she always prefer'd before her own. Oh singular Conjugal Fidelity; O admirable Affection, of a Queen, that never can be too highly Applauded! Infinite are the Examples of this her wonderful and incredible Affection toward the King, which we have not Language nor time sufficient to Enumerate. However, one in the midst of so much Plenty most Illustrious, must not be omitted.

In the Eighty fourth year of this Age, the Embassador of a certain King, not necessary here to be Nam'd, Plotted an unworthy Contrivance at the *Hague*, and had Solicited certain of the Prince of *Orange's* Attendants to Associate with him; which came to Light, so highly Incens'd a Prince, at other times so mild and gentle as to incur a Censure of being slow, that he could not dissemble his Anger. The King recall'd his Embassadour from the *Hague*, no doubt inform'd of the Just reason of the Prince's Indignation against him. The Embassadour therefore, knowing that Kings and Princes have long hands, was willing, before his departure, to reconcile himself to Prince *William*. To which purpose making his Addresses, and submissively, and with humble Protestations of his Innocency, and Deprecating his Offences, the most Mild of Princes Magnanimously forgave him. But from *Mary*, by no Allegations, by no Expiations of Satisfaction whatever, could he obtain his Pardon. Upon which, when it was admir'd that *Mary* should be so implacable, when the Embassadour had done nothing against Her, nor had injur'd Her either in word or deed, when *William*, Justly offended had pardon'd the Delinquent, she order'd this Answer to be made, *That had the Crime been committed against her, she would not have been either severe, or inexorable; but that she could not forget an Attempt against her Husband, nor grant her Pardon so easily to him, who had so highly offended*

William. Who can sufficiently extol this Conjugal Fidelity, this unusual Affection of a Queen toward a Husband? For my part, I am not able to Admire it as I ought to do.

Nor was the Queen belov'd with less Affection by the King, than was the King belov'd by Her. *There was no need of falling out to renew their Love*; but such was the Harmonious agreement of their Minds and Counsels from the first day of their Auspicious Marriage, that their Wills were still the same, whatever pleas'd, whatever dislik'd the one, always dislik'd, still pleas'd the other; such an Agreement of Opinions in all things, both private and publick, that tho in Persons divided by long Intervals of distant Leagues, yet by an unaccountable Sympathy, they were always of one mind in all Affairs most difficult, and of dubious Event, which would have puzzled the most acute and experienc'd *Politicians*. So that they might be said to be Born under one Constellation, but rather that one Soul resided in two Bodies. And that you may not think I speak a Fiction; behold an Example of a reall Harmony of Minds, almost beyond belief.

About three years ago, at what time the King arriv'd in *Holland*, Intelligence was sent from no mean Hands, nor from one place, to the King here present, to the Queen in *England* then sitting at the Helm, that the *French* were fitting out a Navy, and that they intended, in a short time, to put to Sea, with a design to Land a considerable Army in *England*, and with all their Might, to endeavour the Restoration of King *James* to the Crown, that he himself had thrown away. The King considering the Danger, was in deep suspense for some time, whether he should return back into *England*, or stay in the *Low Countries*, to curb the Fury, and disappoint the Counsels of the Enemy. The first was advis'd by many who were of the King's more secret Counsels in *England*, and not a few of the Officers here about the King were of
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the same Opinion. In this same Commotion of his Fluctuating Thoughts, after an anxious deliberation, the King at length decreed, That the Yachts that waisted him hither, should be sent back into *England*; but that the Men of War that guarded him, should be so disposed of, that if need required, he might be speedily convey'd back into *England*: Whither he also sent word, that Forty of the Men of War, with the Admiral, should steer away toward the Coast of *France*, with this Design, that if they found an Opportunity; they should burn all the Enemies Transport-Ships. But before the Yachts, and the Messenger who was sent with the King's Expresses, arriv'd in *England*, the *Queen's Letters* were brought hither to the King, giving him an Account, *That she had ordered a Fleet of Forty Men of War to sail away for the Coast of France, and burn the Enemies Ships which were reported to be design'd to infest the English Shoar.*

What Symphony could produce a more harmonious Harmony of Notes, then this of the Opinions and Counsels of the King and Queen; when the one knew nothing of the others Mind. Inasmuch that similitude of Manners and consent of Minds not Fortune, seem'd to have joyn'd *William* and *Mary* together. This is that true Love that so conglutinates, and knits both Hearts together, that nothing can be more closely join'd, not to be sever'd by any distance of Time or Place, and constitutes such a concord of Opinions that no force is able to dissolve. Which who sees not in the King and Queen, and being seen does not admire, must needs be blind and ignorant of what is, to be wondred at. Therefore in all varieties of Times and Fortunes, the King still found the greatest safety in the Love of the best of Queens. It was a Saying of the King before he thought of Marriage, to *Charles* the Second's Embassador, at a time when there happen'd an accidental discourse about the choice of Wives, that of all
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the Qualities to be sought for in a Wife, his first care should be to find out the *Best-Condition'd*. And he himself made himself the Master of his Wish; for he could not have found a better Wife, had the Sun it self, according the Proverb, been to have sought her out.

But as the King met with his chief help and assistance in the Queen's Love, so not only her Subjects, but all others for whom it was in her Power to do good found more than ordinary Succour in her bountiful Nature. *She thought the Day lost, wherein she had not an opportunity to do good to several.* She measur'd her Felicity in that indulgent Height of Fortune by nothing more than by her Power to render others happy. Yet was she not profuse, nor did she scatter her Benefits promiscuously, without Judgment, or diligent Enquiry; but gave plentifully, gave considerately, gave to fitting Objects. She took more Pleasure, if she had plac'd her Charity right, than if Princes had heap'd upon her self all manner of Benefits; and more rejoyc'd in bestowing, than they who wanted in receiving. She never forgot those Benefits which she receiv'd from others, but still recalling 'em to Mind, never suffer'd to slip out of her Memory. What she bestow'd upon others, she scarce remember'd, as if she had lost her Memory. I wish I could find Words to set forth the flowing Liberality of the most Pious Queen, and were able so loudly to proclaim it, and in such Language, as that it might be heard in all Places! Sparing to herself, profuse to the miserable and wanting, who believ'd that she herself enjoy'd what they receiv'd from her. How many experienc'd the Bounty of her Munificent and Liberal Hand, as well in *England* as in *Germany*, the Low-Countries, *Piedmont*, but more especially the *French* Exiles, who rather chose to lose their Estates, than to hazard the loss of their Souls? And the Splendor of this Benevolence shin'd forth

forth in *Mary's* first coming into this Country. For the Prince of *Orange*, so soon as *Mary* became his Consort, order'd such a sum of Money to be paid her for the necessary Expences of her *Apparel, and Princely Ornaments*. What did the Divine Princess do with it at those Years? She did not stifle the Money in close and dark Chests, nor did she lavish it out in gorgeous Attire, upon *Pearls and Gems*; which other Women far distant from her degree, are so mad after, that they never cease this Fury till they have quite ruin'd their Husband's Patrimonies: But moderate in her layings out, considering the Grandeur of her Fortune, upon her Apparel and other Ornaments which the Dignity of so great a Princess requir'd, she introduc'd into the Court *Diligence, Frugality, Parsimony*, Vertues most commonly unknown in Courts. The rest of that large Allowance she consum'd in relieving the distressed of honest and worthy People, who labour'd under great Necessities, not through their own Extravagancy, but reduc'd thereto by Misfortune, and the hardness of the Times. *Magnanimous Queen, superiour to all Applause!* For who is able deservedly to extol the Excellency of so bountiful and beneficent a Soul? Where is the Woman among Ten Thousand that would deprive herself of the Money allow'd her for fine Cloaths, and gaudy Ornaments, to bestow upon the poor and needy, while so few are contented with wearing the spoils of fair Estates upon their Packs, and think all mispent that is not wasted upon Vanity and Finery. But alas! to compare the Queen with other Women, is to do an Injury to her Divine Vertues, wherein she equal'd or exceeded the Praises of the Greatest Men. Nor did she expect or desire any other Fruit from this her Bounty, than a Conscience that told her she did well. She never vaunted her Charity, nor imputed it to Merit. Most commonly she sent her Charity by Persons unknown, who were not

permitted to discover the Doner, that she might not burden the Modesty of the Receivers. So far was she from seeking the Favour of those on whom she conferr'd her Bounty, that she deny'd 'em the Hopes of returning thanks, when the greatest part were ignorant who bestow'd the unlook'd for Liberality. *Arcefilaus* is highly applauded who laid a bag of Gold under the Pillow of his poor Friend, but counterfeiting poverty all the while, that he might privately supply the want of one who was needlessly modest. Which Praises are not to be attributed to *Mary*; who reliev'd not her Friends, but Forreigners and Strangers, whom she never saw, whose Exigencies she had only heard of, contrary to their Expectation, and unlook'd for. Nor did she open those Fountains of Beneficence once or twice only, but constantly and every Year, that she might not be thought to give out of a sudden heat, or through weakness, but upon mature Consideration and Advice. She sent from *England* certain Persons, who distributed this same Tribute, if I may so call it, of her Liberality, and order'd 'em to make a faithful Report of the Condition of those to whom she decreed her Charity, that she might enlarge her Bounty, if what she had sent did not suffice to allay the Troubles of their Exigency. The *French* Fugitives despoil'd of all the Comforts of Fortune, upon which Domestick Harpies had laid their Gripes, with what a plentiful Benignity she cherish'd, both here and in *England*, they themselves are Witnesses. An *Illustrious Widow* dy'd, who was Married to a Prince in *Germany*. To him an Annual Pension was owing and pay'd him out of the Common Treasury of the States. Therefore that this Money might be converted to the support of the *French*, especially of Noble Ladies and Gentlewomen, who had forsaken their Country for the sake of Religion, and had no way to get their Living, as having been bred up tenderly, and in the midst of Afflu-
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ency at home; was a favour for which they are beholden solely to the Queen: whose desire of deserving well from the Indigent, was never tyr'd. To the *Savoyards* and *Vaudois*, of the Reform'd Religion, exhausted by long wanderings from Place to Place, by Hunger and Misery, when they return'd again to their Native Habitations, she order'd a Sum of Money to be sent for the support of *fourteen Ministers*, as many Readers, and as many necessitous Laymen. Nor was the most bountiful Queen less compassionate upon the Seamen, who naked, stript, and wounded, swam from the sunk Vessels, which the Enemy burnt. As many as went to *London*, and they were not a few, were cloathed by the Queens Command, and furnish'd with Money to supply their necessities. She took care also all along the Shores of *Kent* and *Suffex*, that the Wounded should be taken in, diligently look'd after, cur'd and kindly us'd. To the *Widows* and *Children* of the Slain, she dispers'd her bounty even in this Land, that their Losses might be repair'd and their Sorrows allay'd. Lastly, in all parts of *England* and *Holland* she imprinted innumerable Marks of her Royal Munificence and Charity.

Nor was she less a Peculiar Specimen of Clemency than Liberality. She rather chose to forget than revenge Injuries. For she remember'd, that the One was the Character of the fordid Vulgar; the Other, of those who excel Other Mortals in Vertue and Magnanimity. Nor was she inferiour for the Commendations of Justice to any of the *Arcopagites*. She allowed nothing to Favour, nothing to Hatred. No body suffer'd Punishment or Fine, who was not more gently us'd than he could think or hope for, had the Law been rigorously Executed.

Honour was bestow'd on no Man, but the Reward far exceeded the Merits. What her Innocency and Temperance was in the midst of so much wealth, your selves cannot be ignorant,

norant, who know how pious she vvas; Nor have I any thing to add as to her *Chastity*, vvhen you have heard how entirely she Lov'd the *King*. She could not endure a *wanton word*, nor the sight of a Woman who was reported or suspected to have violated her modesty. Her Womens *Apartment* was a kind of *Temple of Chastity, Integrity and Sanctity*. The *Affability* of *MART*, born and bred up in a Court, all people admir'd, more especially the *Dutch*, when first she came into *Holland*. Before they understood her, many fear'd an *Imperious Mistress*, and the swelling Disdain of those *Courts*, where the Name of *Civility* is either unheard of, or hated. In her Dress, her Dyet, her Royal Ornaments, in her Converse, in her making and repaying of Visits, she hardly exceeded Common Familiarity. How easy of access to all Persons, and at all Hours when she was at *Leisure from Divine Worship*, or the Administration of the Government. For tho she spent her leisure hours in reading either *History or Geography*, wherein she was so expert, that no man knew so well his own Lands and House, as she understood the Nature of *Countries, Islands, Kingdoms, Citys, Rivers, Mountains*, and the manners, Religion and Laws of the Inhabitants, so that in this sort of Polite Learning nothing could be more Elegant, or accomplish'd then *Mary*, yet was not the Pleasure which she took in reading so great, as to detain her from giving audiences to all persons at any leisure time. What *Burgomaster* or *Mayor* of a Town could be easier of access, or more freely spoken to, then this Princess to *Hollanders* and *English*? Her *affability and sweet Delivery*, wherewith she Season'd all her *Vertues*, exceed belief. As she excell'd all in Majesty, so she suffer'd none to outdo her in Humanity. I will give you one rare Example of her extraordinary affability and goodness. An *Embassador* of a great Prince, after he had paid his Duty to *Mary* at the *Hague*, retiring out of the Chamber, lest he should turn his Back to the Princess, went back-

backward, stopping and bowing two or three times. By chance it happen'd, that after he had bow'd a second time, still retreating backward, his *Periwig* caught hold of a Branch that hung in the room, which either he had not seen, or else had forgot, and pulling it off discover'd his Bald Head. The *Embassadour* blush'd, and the Ladys and Maids of Honour could not forbear Laughing; onely the Princess did not so much as smile but kept her Countenance with the same Gravity, as when she heard the *Embassadour's* Address. After the *Embassadour* was gone, one of the Ladys who was greatly in her favour, admiring the *Reservedness* of the Princess upon such a Jocular accident, made bold to ask her, how she could hold laughing? To whom the Princess, *I should have done the Embassadour an Injury, said she, should I by an unseasonable fit of Laughter, added to the shame and trouble of a Person who was in Confusion and Perplexity enough at what had unhappily, and through no fault of his befall'n him: No, Madam, that had been ill done, and against my Duty.* With this Serenity of Aspect, and sweetness of her Countenance all people who were admitted to the Queen were so mov'd, that they could not think they beheld a Queen, but some certain *Goddeſs* beneficent and propitious to mankind. A singular Gravity accompany'd this Divine Goodness, after a wonderful manner intermixing Majesty and Familiarity together: Add to this, the *Graces* of her Countenance, the Serenity of her Aspect, the Sparkling and Chearfulness of her Eyes, and indeed the Majesty of her whole Body. No body could behold her who was not strook with so many Excellencies. No wonder then that so many Ornaments both of Body and Mind, should beget so much Love and Admiration, and love in the minds of all People, in so much that she was belov'd, and worshipt like a *Goddeſs* sent down from Heaven to enlighten this Age, and procure the safety of so many People, and generally after her Death desir'd and bewail'd.

Now as she was always like her self, through the whole Course of her Life, so neither did she *swerve from her self* at her death. The manner of her most pious and constant End, apparently answer'd, the most Holy Purpose of her whole Life. As against all other fears, so against the most terrible of all Terrours her Courage was Invincible, neither the cruelty of the Disease, nor the unlucky approach of Death in the *Flourish of her Age*, in the midst of so many soothing Pleasures of this Life, could prevail with the Queen, to shew the least sign of sadness. On the other side, when she heard and was sensible of being call'd away, many and most Illustrious were the signs of her undaunted departing from this Station of Life. When the Right Reverend Arch-Bishop of *Canterbury*, sent for some few days before she expir'd, gave her to understand the certain *Approach of Death*, that she was to prepare for the Journey which all Mortals early or later are to take, placidly, without any sign of a sick Mind, though extremely weakned in Body by the Force of the Disease, she made Answer, *That that was not the first Day of her Learning to prepare for Death; for that she had serv'd God during the whole Course of her Life.* A saying truly worthy of so great a Queen, worthy the Remembrance of all *Ages*. She had learnt, that then we begin to live when we die. We die as soon as born; every day something is imperceptibly cropt from our Lives, till by degrees the whole be lopt away. And that this most pious Queen neither deceiv'd her self, nor the Archbishop, is apparent from that memorable saying of hers about six years before her fatal day, when *she sat by the Bed-side of a Noble Person's Wife*, whom she highly Lov'd, and valued, to confirm and comfort her, then drawing her last breath. They who were present desir'd her, that she would turn away her Eyes from the Expiring Lady. But the Queen refus'd, saying withal, *That it rarely fell out for Persons of her Rank and Quality to see such a Spectacle as now was offer-*
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*ed her by the design'd Favour of Heaven, to make Advantage of it in better understanding the Vanity of our Life. What Advantage she made of it, the conclusion of her Days sufficiently taught us. After this she fed her Soul with the Cœlestial Food of the Body and Blood of Christ, with a deep sense of the Pains which our Redeemer Suffered for us. Refresh'd with this Sacred Banquet, she cast away all Further Care of Earthly Affairs, that she might think upon nothing else but of Enjoying God, when freed from her Corporeal Imprisonment; that God, whom upon Earth she had so fervently lov'd, and so purely Worshipt. She bid the King farewell in these words, which are utter'd by me in Latin; for you do not hear what she could say, but what she said; *I leave the Earth: I hope, dear King, you never mistrusted my Fidelity and Love. Moderate your Grief. I wish that with the same Joy that I depart, with the same easiness you may set bounds to your sorrow.* Soon after the Divine MARY expir'd in the Hands and Embraces of the King, who never left her, nor stir'd out of her Chamber Day or Night, whilst she lay labouring under three most cruel Diseases, the Small-Pox, an Erysipelas and a Pestilential Fever, either of which was enough to have carried off the strongest of Men.*

'Tis better to pass over in silence the Grief that overwhelm'd the King, than to spend time and words in vain. For words cannot be found, that can in any measure express the Vastness of his Grief. Such was always, and so great the Resolution of the most Courageous King, and such his Fortitude, that tho' assail'd with Angry fortune's utmost Fury, he never could be mov'd, never succumb'd, but bore his Adversity with an Elevated mind. Never any Man, whatever were the madness of Raging Disaster, could perceive any change of Countenance in the King. But this same Grief he was not able to withstand, *Vanquish'd by the Force of his Love and Loss*; as having lost the most certain and faithful

faithful Companion of his Fortune, of his Counsels, his Cares, his Labours, and his Thoughts ; who far exceeded all the Excellencies of the Female Sex, that hardly the Virtue of any Woman, in any Age, can be compar'd to hers. For that reason perhaps it was that Heaven deny'd her Offspring, lest she should *bring forth a worse than her self and her Husband, seeing Nature could go no further.*

No wonder then that Invincible Resolution, that undaunted, yet sedate Courage of *William*, in all the Rudest Tempests of this Life, was so deeply struck and Shaken with this Thunder-Bolt. For he now misses the only Best and Wisest of *Queens*, when he most needed her, and might have reap'd infinite Advantages from her Fidelity, Prudence and Assistance in Governing wisely at Home, while he perform'd Wonders abroad. There is no man so Iron-hearted, but must be sensible of the Extremity of Pain, when the *One half* of his *Soul* is sever'd from him, by so violent a stroke.

However, we doubt not, but the King, out of his incredible Wisdom, tho his Grief can never be exhausted, will recollect himself, and re-call his Mind from the Bitterness of his Grief ; to accomplish what he has so prosperously begun, that Work, which turns the Eyes of all *Europe* upon him, on whom the Fate of it depends : To the End that by his Conduct and Counsel, Ease, Tranquility and Security may be restor'd to so fair a Portion of the Habitable World ; and Peace so settl'd, that not only Arms may be laid down, but with those Arms all fear of taking 'em up again.

Wherefore as all men unmeasurably Grieve for the Death of the Queen, as being a Wound by which all suffer ; so now again all Pray for the Safety and Preservation of the King ; all, who are concern'd for the safety and liberty of *Europe*.

Mary was ; *The Flower of Queens was once ; the Ornament of the Age, the Love of the People, the Delight of the World, the Granary of the Poor, the Altar of the miserable.* Thou, best and Greatest of *Queens* hast lost nothing, who Reapest

now

now Eternal Beatitude, the Fruit of a Life so Piously, so Chastly, so Prudently Led, exempt from all the Cares and Troubles wherewith we miserable Wretches are tof'd by Storms and Waves of these wicked times.

The King has lost the Alleviation of his Cares, the Ornament of the People in Prosperity, their Aid in Adversity; and all good Men their main Tower of Defence.

Thou Departedst this Life in the *Flower of thy Age*; but what remorseless Death has abstracted from the Number of thy Years, men will add as much and more to the Eternal Glory, Fame and Remembrance of thy Name. That was not to be said thy Life which thou ledst in the Chains of thy Mortal Body; but is to be call'd thy Life which thou art to Live, immortal in the Hearts and Minds of all People, who will always burn with Love and Admiration of thy Vertues. Thou hast no reason to grieve, that thou didst not bless the King with Off-spring, the only thing which many thought was wanting to compleat thy happiness on Earth; and which indeed is a more than ordinary Grief, both to the King and us. For as of old, when *Epaminondas* was upbraided with want of Issue, he boasted, that he left a Daughter behind him, meaning the Battle of *Leuctra*, which would not only survive him, but be Immortal; so thou, most Blessed MARY, the Mother of so many Kingdoms and People, the Mother of the Oppressed, the Mother of the Poor and Needy, wilt leave behind thee so many Daughters that will never Dye, the Eternal Encomiums and Sempiternal Glory of thy Goodness, Beneficence, Charity, Clemency, Mildness, and the rest of thy other most lovely Vertues, which will live immortal in the Remembrance of all Posterity. This Life will prolong thy *Consecrated Memory* to after Ages. Nor Marble *Mausoleum*, nor Golden *Urn* shall hide thee; *Thy Tomb shall be our Breasts.*

D I X I.

new historical treatment of the life of a great American leader, to the public, and to the world, and to the people who were his friends and enemies.

The King has led the...

It is a good idea to have a plan for your business. This plan should include a description of your business, its goals, and the steps you will take to achieve them. It should also include a budget and a timeline for your business. Having a plan will help you to stay focused and motivated, and it will also help you to attract investors and lenders.

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

A
Funeral Oration
TO THE
SACRED MEMORY
OF THE
Most Serene and Potent
MARY II.
QUEEN of Great Britain, France
and Ireland.

By *Francis Spanheimius*, F. F. Chief Professor of
the Academy of *Leyden*.

Pronounc'd by *Publick Authority* in the Hall of the Most
Illustrious States.

Upon the Day of the *Royal Obsequies*, *March 5. 1694.*

Containing many Remarkable *Passages* in the Life and Death
of Her Late Majesty, not hitherto made Publick.

L O N D O N.

Printed for *John Danton* at the *Raven* in *Jewen-street*, and are
to be Sold by *Edm. Richardson* near the *Poultry-Church*.
MDC XCV.

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A
Funeral Oration
 U P O N
M A R Y II.
QUEEN of *Great Britain, France*
and Ireland.

WHether I should express my self in Inarticulate Lamentations, intermix'd with *Tears* and *Sobs*, among so Great and so many Provocations to Grief, that am to be a Spectacle of Mourning to yee all (*most Sorrowful Assembly of all Degrees and Orders*) or whether I should let loose my Tongue, Speechless almost, and motionless, through the bitterness of my Anguish, into articulate Words, tho interrupted with frequent Throbs, astonisht and forsaken by my Senses, I was long time considering. No man can believe that a *Flood of Eloquence* should flow from his Mouth whose Eyes are blubber'd, Cheeks are overflow'd with

with Torrents of Water continually streaming, while we bewail the *Funeral of this Day*. These Walls deformed with gastly and unusual Accoutrements ; this very *Pulpit resembling a Scaffold prepar'd for some sad Execution, the alteration of our Sena'ors Weeds, every Order in Sable, and the Muses in Black, the Ensigns of Magistracy revers'd, our Citizens with dejected Looks*, every where a profound Silence, every where dropping Eyes and delug'd Cheeks more lively and forcibly express, even without an Interpreter, the Grief unspeakable, beyond what Imagination can Comprehend, and so ponderous upon the Hearts of all Men, then it is in the Power of Human Utterance to do, tho every particular Member of the Body were turn'd into Tongues, and resounded forth *several Mones* and Lamentations. Must I be the Person, I who first in this same School, in a Publick Speech congratulated not so much the *Royal Ensigns* of Kingdoms offer'd to *William and Mary*, ty'd together in an Association rarely known (Oh that it had been Eternal) Two the Choicest Boons of Heaven bestow'd on the Brittannick World, and the two *Tutelar Numens* upon Earth of the Univerfal Church: Must *I be the first*, bound by the Sacred Tye of Duty to those who in their own *Right have Authority to Command*, after they had once ordain'd this solemn Day, wherein *No Body counterfeits Grief*, that am oblig'd to perform the Office of a Herald of Death, to Proclaim the Death of *Britannic Mary*. It was unanimously agreed then, Conscript Fathers, the *Best of Queens is gone* ; in which one word all things are comprehended : Not in the sense of the *Lacedemonians*, who at the Funerals of their Kings, always call'd the *Last the Best* : Nor as *Nero* stil'd his *Poppae*, the *Genius of the City*, which was the Sirname of the Best Emperors ; but She is gone, who, by the General Voice of all People, so deserv'd the Appellation of *BEST*, that while it remains the allow'd Glory of Kings and Queens in this World, can never be ascrib'd to any other by the same *Univerfal*

versal Consent of Mankind. The most Splendid, and most Benign Constellation (if ever any other enlightn'd and shed down its Influences upon Earth) of *Britain* is set; the Constellation of the United *Belgian States* is set, but in an Eternal and Gloomy Night, only now to refresh both Nations with the sole shadow of her Name. *MART* is set, like that Star which causes the vicissitudes of Day and Night, returning from whence first of all She rose. And in this Common, tho' far different loss of all men, *WILLIAM* bewails more than the one Half of his Soul: *The Court*, as it were grown decrepit with Age, bewails their Delight: *The Kingdoms* bewail an Empress hardly shewn to 'em, yet Greater than the Narrow Limits of Kingdoms or an Age could contain: *The Subjects* bewail their most Indulgent Mother, more truly then formerly *Livia* or *Julia* the Pious, the Mother of their Country, the *Senate* and the *Armies*: *Holland* bewails her Foster-Child, as it were ravish'd and torn from her tender Bosom, wherein she had continually cherish'd Her, even divided from the whole World beside. *The Female Sex* now misses Her that was their Lustre, their Excellency, their Glory: *The Universal Church*, her most loving Protectrix: They that were strip of all their Fortunes, their Liberal Reliever: *The Miserable*, the Asswager of their Calamities: *The Oppress'd*, their certain Consolation; *The Banish'd*, their not to be violated Sanctuary: *The Sons of Peace*, their *Irene* truly so call'd: Lastly, *All Ages, all Orders, all Nations*, who ever they are that in the highest Station of Human Affairs, reverence Vertue and Piety, miss their most Sacred, and most United Head. And who among us is not deeply affected and pierced to the Heart, in beholding the Mournful sight of one single *WILLIAM*, that most invincible Hero, resembling some One of those most Valiant Captains, who being oppress'd by some sudden Astonishment, stand Speechless for a while; at least bewailing the Companion of his Counsels and his Labours, his Delights and Royal Functions snatch'd from

an unexpected Fate? Of that *WILLIAM*, who was never puffed up with *Prosperity*, nor broken by Adversity, who terrified by no dangers, nor dismayed at any Terrible Accident; as if his *Breast* were environ'd with a *Threefold Corset of Brass*, or that he carry'd not an Iron but an Adamantine Heart; now wounded beyond the Aid of Cure, cannot refrain from Tears and Throbs; as not being wounded or pierced through by any Bullet of his Enemy, but by a Force surpassing Human, God Himself (which befel the most Holy Men) thus wrestling with our Hero in a Dark and Bitter Night, till at length the Supreme Creator of all things rent away the *Rib* that stuck to his Royal Side; not when he was asleep, as in that Fabrick of *Eve*, but when he was awake and watching o're the Publick Safety. And this was a Pain, which the First of Husbands, in Primitive Felicity was not able cope with. Yet does he not sink under so much Grief; nor does the Greatest of Hero's refuse to submit his Equal Courage to the Arbitrer of Life and Death so cruelly afflicting his *Royal Bowels*. So neither would it become us, who ought, in imitation of so Great a King, to lift up our selves to him by whom all Human Affairs are govern'd with a Nod, this sad and unfortunate Day, to solemnize the Royal Exequies with Female Lamentations or the hir'd Howlings of the Ancient *Præfica*, which the Law of the Twelve Tables forbid the Roman Matrons, or to fill the Market, Public Streets, the Temples and Tribunals with hideous Clamours. For neither *Breasts* distended with vain Sighs, nor *Countenances* compos'd to sadness, nor the warm streams of Tears still gushing from our Eyes, will afford any alleviation to our afflicted Minds; these being many times vain Shews and Ostentation of Sorrow, which the Bitterness and Solemnity of our Present Calamity abhors above what it is possible to imagine. *What then?* Shall we suppress and hide our Grief, until we turn into *Noibe's* and Stones; shall we make known our deeply conceiv'd Sorrow to our Fellow Citizens, to the People,

People, to succeeding Posterity by no Demonstrations of Piety, by no long lasting Monument? For *Rome*, the Mistress of the World decreed to the Women in High Stations, after their deceases, no less then to the Soveaign Emperors, besides Divine Honours, and the Vows of Sacrilegious Piety, Funeral Encomiums also, such as were made with Solemn Pomp, and in publick Commemoration of their Vertue; upon *Augustus's Livia*, *Nero's Poppæa*, *Hadrian's Sabina*, *Antoninus Pius's Faustina*, and *Severus's Julia Domna*. But for the most part these things were so carried by the controul of those that Govern'd, or according to the prevailing Manners of a loose Court and a dissolute People, that the Dishonours and Disgraces of their Sex were Consecrated to Immortality under the Names *Juno's*, *Venus's* and *Mothers of the Gods*. With the same Confidence and Lust of Flattery, did the Princes that succeeded extol the *Father's Praise*: The Tables transmit to Eternity the Clemency and Moderation of *Tiberius*, the Prudence of *Claudius*, the Patience of *Hadrian*, the Indulgence of *Caracalla*, the Noble Acts of *Commodus*, as if they had been born to eternize the Roman Name. *Oh! how different is the Reason of this Days most Religious Solemnity*, by which the whole World is made a Witness of *Batavian* Piety! How far different are these Parentals, truly Just, the sign of Love and Judgment, which the *Fathers of this Republick and Academy* have by a Solemn Decree, and with redoubld Honour, decree'd to *MART the AUGUST*. Imitating the Piety of *Octavius Caesar*, who ascribed that Honour to his Sister *Octavia*, a Renowned Woman, that the Emperor himself, in the *Julian Temple*, and *Drusus* in the Publick Place of Judicature, in Mourning Vestments deliver'd themselves in Praise of the Deceas'd. How far that Commendation of this Queen is from Idolatry, most *Noble Auditors*, or from whatever vain Ambition is usually wont fallacioufly to forge, I leave to you; the Commendation of a Queen, whose Divine Genius, Pure and Chast Vertue and

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Immortal Glory, all People, Subjects and Confederates, Domesticks and Foraigners, they who reverence Vertue in an Enemy, with equal consent of Mind and Voice, admire and extol to the Skies. Nay, the *Fucus's* of Flatteries, and all crisp'd and curl'd Orations would as much dishonour Her Sacred *MANES*, as not only the Bitterness of our Sorrow forbids the practice of such Delusions, in commanding us to lay aside all *Gaiety of Ornament*, but She Herself, who when alive and breathing, but sparingly admitted moderate Praises; and not only expell'd from her Royal Presence all *Adulterated Beauties*, all Dissimulation and Sycophantizing Language, all Feigned Acclamations, the very *Pests of the Court* and Mothers of *Nero*, but was always wont to call 'em the *Affronts of Majesty*. For my part, *Fathers, Collegiates, Citizens* and *Strangers*, in this condition of my dejected Mind, I shall be so far from all *Affentation*, or suspicion of Immoderate Praise as my Oration is distant from necessity. And if I have take upon me this day the Task of paying a Last Duty to the *IMMORTAL WOMAN*, believe it done not out of any confidence of Performance, nor any profuse Ostentation of Piety, but meerly out of Shame to refuse; for the truth of which I appeal to those that sit at the *Helm of our Affairs*. But when I revolve in my mind, that formerly upon occasions of Important and Publick Mourning, *Kings themselves* took this Office upon 'em, *David* of Old, and since him, Persons of Consular Dignity, from *Valerius Publicola*, sometimes the *Cesars* or Princes of the Roman Youth, when *Julius, Augustus, Tiberius, Drusus, Caligula, Nero* ascended the Tribunal, to Commemorate dishonour'd Vertue with that Majesty of Countenance that became it. When I am in the midst of silent Contemplation to renew Reflexions upon this August Queen, of *whom nothing Low, nothing Mortal ought to be said*; *Octavianus Caesar* himself refusing the Panegyricks of any but the Sublimest of Wits: *Lastly*, When I behold All you that with Anxious
and.

and Wistful Looks surround this Pulpit, nothing from without presents it self to my Eyes, nothing to my Mind and Affections, but what is sufficient to cast down a *Person worn with years*, and almost spent with Labour, but most certainly languishing with the Publick Sorrow, and to deter him from speaking. Therefore in so much plenty of Matter, I shall shorten this *Funeral Encomium* of mine, from which the strictness of going according to the Laws of Panegyric is not to be exacted; such a one as the Father of Grecian Eloquence was longer Elaborating than the Macedonian Victor was subduing almost all the World: And in kindness to your Patience and my own Infirmities, I shall leave it to *Masters of Art*, Men of Florid Age and Elocution, to expatiate upon what I have contracted, beseeching your Pardon at the beginning, if my *Abilities* prove not equal to the Majesty of a most August Princess, or the Bitterness of my Anguish.

How Bright soever be that Star, which sometimes sharpen'd into Horns, sometimes with a *Half Face*, at length with a full Orb, in some measure, supplies and mitigates the Absence of the Sun, it shines not however with its own Light, but borrows all its splendor from the Aspect and situation of the Sun. In like manner the World has frequently beheld *Illustrious and far shining Women*, but that I may speak in the Words of one *Septimius*, they have more truly glitter'd with the Decorations of their Husbands than their own: Much of Light and Splendor since Her Conjunction with the Present Sun of the European World has been added to our Heroess, from the Reflexions of his Beams: However She *shone with Her own*, and Her ownmost Radiant Light, and made it doubtful, which way She from Her self diffus'd the serenest Light, whether by her Royal Descent, or by wielding the Royal Scepter, Her self in her own Right *Associate* of the Empire, or lastly by Her Royal Vertues and Graces, conspicuous through all the Regions of the Earth.

Where the Sun hides, and where he brings forth Day.

And wherein She far surpasses the Lot of all Women: What August Queen did ever the least Fabulous Annals, what Queen did former Intervals of Ages, measur'd by the Line of our Ancestors, or the Times wherein we live, c'reshew to the World, who from an interrupted series of succession of Kings, like Hers, deriv'd her Birth; and of whom with more Justice, and without Assentation it be unanimously said,

Missa per innumeros Sceptra tuetur Avos?

— Scepters does She defend,
That from unnumber'd Ancestors descend?

We take no Notice of Kings descended from the Immortal Gods; the Father of the Romulean Race from Mars, the Macedonian Amyntas or Philip from Hercules, the Horn-bearing Alexander from Jupiter, the Julian Pedegree from Aeneas and Venus, into which the Wife of Augustus, by the Name of the Goddess Julia is to be inserted. How much more true and sacred, without offence to these Deities, was the Original of this PRINCESS, who understood Herself to be not only the Progenie of the Stuarts, from Robert the Second, surnamed the Happy, and three Ages lower, but from a more Ancient Original of the Royal Race in Scotland; not to descend into the dubious Succession of Hector Boetius! Then from the Anglo-Saxons, by the Marriage of Margaret to Malcolm the Second. From the Norman, by the Marriage of the Daughter of Henry VII, and Elizabeth, the Wife of James IV. From the Danes, by Ann Her Great-grandmother. Lastly from the Blood of France, by Her Grandmother, Mary of Bourbon, the no less Unfortunate Mother

of

of the unfortunate *James*. So that to what ever corner of the Heaven our Heroess turn'd Her Eyes, she certainly saw her Ancestors Cloath with Royal Dignity.

But tho she were descended from such a *Progeny of Kings* (and would to God she had been the *Mother of Kings*) Since Women born, there never was any like her, who as it were forgetful of her Extraction, of her Ancestors, and the Power derived from Antiquity, which many believe to be sufficient to authorize their Transgression, who carried her self more humbly to all Fortunes, Degrees and Conditions of Men, even to the poorest sort, negligent of her Station and that Towing Throne, from whence with her Great *WILLIAM* she gave Laws to so many spacious Kingdoms, so many Seas, Islands and People. *MART*, in that same High Degree of Dignity would not be thought unworthy of the Scepters of her Ancestors, nor the Glory of her Progenitors, nor her own proper Lot to Command and Reign. She bore in mind, that *High and Low were in subjection to the same Law of saving and coming into the World*; tho the same Fortune and Splendor did not attend all alike, yet all were of the same Mould, they who are cloathed with Imperial Purple, and they who are forc'd to shroud themselves under the meanest Cottages: Which was the saying of *Socrates*, that there was no difference between *Alcibiades*, nobly descended, and the most *Obscure Porter*: She well knew, that Long descent and Ancient Lineage, were but vain shadows; that the Blood which is sprightly and ruddy in Youth, grows languid and degenerates with Age; or rather that the Beams of the most Splendid Light diffuse themselves upon Common-sewers: That is to say, upon *Julia's* and *Agrippina's*, upon *Caligula's* and *Nero's*, upon *Domitian's* and *Nero's*, born to be the Infamy of their Families; rather Excrements then Blood. Whence it came to pass, that they rather chose to be accounted the Heads and founders of their Race and Name, then that it should be

be thought the Glory of their Ancestors extinguished in them.

I remember, *Noble Hearers*, the one day that this Pious and Pensive Princess recalling to Mind her *Father*, who had so lately rul'd most flourishing Kingdoms, but gone astray from that Faith which the Laws of God and Man had established ever since the Reign of *Edward VI*, the *Josiah* of his Age, and which his *Father* and *Grandfather* had subscrib'd to; I remember, I say, that being admitted into her *Private Chappel*, after she had let fall a showre of Tears, she gave thanks to God, the Supream Parent of all things, who sometimes forsook the Sons and Grand-children of *Hero's*, sometimes in them supply'd what was wanting in their Parents, correcting the Vice of Nature by the Benefit of Grace. Which when I had confirmed by the Examples of her self, and her Great Grandfather *James* the Son of Unfortunate *Mary*; and that it was done by the same Miracle of Grace, as we daily see Nature produce Gold and Diamonds out of stony and craggy Mountains, and Sweet Juices out of Bitter Roots, I added by way of Consolation of her *Afflicted Piety*, that perhaps the *Father* of so many Tears and Sighs would not be lost in Heaven. Whose chiefest Glory it was to have begot *MARY*; and from whom she received her Being, while he on the other side receiv'd from his Daughter the benefit and aid of her Prayers, then which there is nothing of greater force to expugn the Clemency of Heaven; and a useful Pattern of Grace, which she every day set before his Eyes. And indeed whatever there was of Great that rais'd our *Heroess* above all the Queens of all Former Ages, whatever the *English* almost ador'd in her, what the *Batavian* lov'd, the *German* honour'd, the *Switzer* reverenc'd, and the ginning and reluctant *French* admir'd, Fame has also so loudly proclaim'd to the utmost Limits of the *Hyperborean*, *Eastern* and *Western* World, that she can never be said to have celebrated the fame of any other Woman, as she has sounded forth

forth in Praise of this Princess. And all this we must certainly conclude was ne're infus'd into her by any Human, but by a Divine, an Immortal Operation.

In the first place that most Sweet and Holy Name of *MARY*, consecrated from the very Birth of Grace it self, was a most Auspicious Augury of the Future Salvation, Restoration and Security of *Britain*. And it was as fortunate in Ours as it was Ominous and Fatal in *Four Former MARTS* of *England*, *Scotland*, *France*, and lastly of *Italy*, whose Fame, Religion trampled under foot, the Sacred Worship of God prophan'd, Laws violated, Halters, Slaughter-Houses, Racks, Funeral Piles and Flaming Busts, and lately the Church it self upon the brink of Ruin, and groaning under most oppressive Servitude proclaim far and near. In like manner as the mournful Annals of the Church declare both the Substance and the Omen to have fail'd, under former Christian Governments in the *Fausta's*, *Eudoxia's*, *Hororia's*, *Eusebii's*, *Theodora's*, *Irene's*; Specious indeed but empty Names of Christian Queens in former Ages. And therefore *Britain* that had been ruin'd by *MARIES*, was at length to be preserved by a *Mary*; and as it was of old, by many ways afflicted by two *William's* First and Second, so it receiv'd New Life and Spirit from *WILLIAM* the *THIRD*. On the other side, by a contrary Example, in the Name of *James* the Second, as in the fatal Names of *Darius*, *Philip*, *Antiochus*, *Aristobulus*, *Augustus* and *Constantine*, we see the unfortunate Catastrophe of that which began under the same Names with joyful and lucky Auspices.

But above all things, who among ye can forbear to admire the Conduct of the Supreme Architect, who fram'd this wondrous Structure at the Beginning, without the Aid or Knowledge of the Sleeping Parent of Mankind, when this Goodly Form, this Pulchritude and Procerity of Female Body represents it self before your Eyes, not Heroe like, but rather

ther almost Divine; such a Majestic Forehead, such a Graceful Countenance, such *Radiant Eyes*, such an Harmony of Shape and Lineaments, accompany'd with Sweetness of Favour, and a Charming Aspect in our *MARY*, surpassing all the Graces and *Venus's* of the *Greek*, tho enliven'd with *Apellaan* Colours. Deserving indeed not only more than Mortal Empire, which the *Ethiopians* decreed to Majesty of Form, but also of Eternity of Reign, if any such thing might be granted upon Earth. Her Cœlestial Courage, her Lofty Mind, Her Wit that penetrated the most hidden Re-cesses, Her Judgment certain and unacquainted with Mistake, Her inexhaustible Thirst of Reading, the incredible Treasure of Her Memory, Her Heroick Genius, all these were deposited in a Royal Domicil or rather Temple, rear'd by the same Architect as the Universe. There was eminently to be seen in her Words, in her Aspect, in her Habit, in her Eyes, in the Posture and Carriage of her Body, unaffected Sincerity, Fidelity, Candor, and whatever else could procure Love and Reverence. Besides the Gracefulness of her Delivery, the Accomplish'd understanding of three Languages, and her Knowledge of things Divine and Human, she was adorn'd to perfection with harmless and Chast Manners, which no Impurities could defile, no envenom'd Breath, no Pestiferous Gales, the Familiar Contagion of Courts, could ever infect. Her pure and spotless Mind might rather be broken, like Chrystal Glasses crackt by the Infusion of Poyson, then endure what was not accompany'd with Vertue and Honesty, or some publick or private benefit. So that whatever most usually puffs up with Arrogance, or corrupts with Stomachful Pride, a Sex most covetous of Rule: What makes others swell and look down upon their Inferiors with Contempt, as Nobility of Extraction, Beauty, Wit and Wealth, like Boxes glittering without with Gold and Gems, but within inclosing Arsenick, such as have more of Aloes than Honey, all these Blemishes of her Sex, she was a Princess who

who from her Infancy detested. So that she whom the Supreme Parent of Nature had rendred every way perfect and fortunate, bemoaning only this one thing, that she was better then her Father ; she, when but a Child, was never observ'd to swell, or abate of her usual Affability, Mildness, Easiness to give admission, or of the humble Opinion she had always of her self. And as much as there was in her Countenance of ingenuous and Royal Erubescency, so much was there in her Heart, of Bashful Modesty; by which means Majesty was always season'd with Benignity, Gravity with Cheerfulness, Clemency with Severity. And as many as were admitted to the Presence and Ear of so Great a Princess, knew they were to undergo a perpetual combat with her Modesty, so that they must be forc'd to submit their discourses to this same Modesty, or else to be silent altogether.

Conscript Fathers, I speak those things which are vulgarly known, chiefly aiming at this, that no man should believe, so many and such great Endowments of Mind were transmitted into *MART* with the Blood of the Father and Mother; which were the only Workmanship of God, who would only vouchsafe by this to shew how far he could accomplish Nature, and this I boldly and confidently aver. For in the most Corrupt times of King *Charles* and King *James's* Courts, when Popery adventured not only to creep in privately, but pulling off her Vizard, to rush in with open force; when Religion was a Cloak for Fraudulent Artifices; when Effeminate Arts, Dissolute Clemency, Undecent Practices and Wanton Pastimes were the Delights of the Court, and Flexible Youth was led away by the Princes as they pleased themselves; it came to pass, not without the Assistance of God himself, that all this while *MART* and *ANN*, under the tuition of Noble Matrons, and other Exquisite and Pious Instructors, as formerly the two Sisters *Pulcheria* and *Arcadia* the Daughters of *Eudoxia*, by the Order of *Charles II.* were kept to a strict Discipline. By whom the Minds of
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the Royal Virgins, that were one day to be advanced to Sovereign Dignity, might be rightly form'd, and excited not so much to the Desires of a Pompous and Illustrious Fortune, as to the Study of true Piety, and a Religion purg'd from Superstition. Thus Nature has taught us, that *Parian* Marbles are to be cut smooth, Ivory plain'd, and Diamonds polish'd; that Gold is to be purifi'd, Plants and Trees to be trim'd and lopt, and the choicest Seeds to be improv'd by Art, when no Industry can Correct or Polish the Pumice, the Tophus and Spung. These being then the first Initiations of both Princesses, the most prudent *Henry*, Bishop of *London*, being afterwards to improve the Inherent Promptitude of Nature, and the management of their Infancy, our *MART* by degrees, having already made her choice, so accusom'd her self to reading and hearing at the Feet of Jesus, which she wash'd with the daily and most fragrant Perfumes of her Prayers, Oblations and Vows, that afterwards she valu'd all other things as little worth, look'd upon 'em as Empty Vanities, and an Imaginary Shadow of Glory, and ceas'd thenceforward to admire,

Aula Fumum & Opes, strepitumque :

The Smoak, the Riches and Noise

of the Court, and whatever Ambitious Minds hunt after, without the Pale of Heavenly Contemplation, like the Crow flying about the Empty World out of the Ark of *Noah*. I will report a known Truth. When first the News was brought of the Inauspicious, but certain Nuptials of *James* the Father, with *Mary* of *Modena*, by the Mediation of *LEWIS*, not only she, together with *ANN* her Sister, with a Cast-down Countenance and Watry Eyes receiv'd the Tidings, attended with a deluge

luge of Tears, which Doctor *Thomas Doughty*, then Domestic Chaplain, could by no means put a stop to, but our *MART* also after she somewhat alleviated her Sorrow with Weeping, brake forth into these Expressions, worthy to be engrav'd in Cedar. *However things fall out, said she, I hope we shall preserve immaculate to God our Faith and our Religion, let all other things pass away, which we shall look upon as of little consequence.* What certain presages were these, Most Noble Hearers, that the *HEROESS*, whom we bewail, would one day be the most inexpugnable Tower and solid Bulwark of the more Holy Religion, and a most perfect Exemplar of those Vertues, which would render her the Immortal Desire both of us and our Posterity.

But from these Exercises of her Youth, she was called to Greater and Higher Things, and to lay the Foundations of Empire and Council, under the Conduct of *WILLIAM HENRY*: And what a Name was that! This was he to whom the Divine Wand, and that Mortal pointing out the way, mark'd out *MART* of *Britain*, she that was only to kindle his Flame; She that among all Women was the only Person fit for his Choice, to be the Glory and Ornament of his Conjugal Life, and such a One as *Solomon* sought, but could not find among thousands. As He alone among all the Hero's and Princes, truly Christian, was brightly Eminent and fit for *MART'S* Wish to be the Conductor of her Youth and Life: As in whom there was a Concurrence of all Praises and Universal Glory: As in whom alone all those Great Things met, divided of Old in the Persons of the four *Ephori* that were to instruct the *Persian* Princes, select-ed to the Government of the Empire; of which, the First to infuse Religion; the Second, to govern the Affections; the Third, to inspire Fortitude of Mind; and the Fourth, to infuse Love of Justice into those that were to Reign. And

MART so deeply imprinted in her Mind the Image of this Great Master, and her Mind being capable of Great Things, beyond her Sex, she profited so well, by the Company of so Great a Prince, not only by his Instructions, but by his Example, that she was taught to Reign before she could know her self. I will faithfully relate what I only heard my self, and therefore can attest. While she staid at the *Hague*, after the Expedition for *England*, expecting a Wind, I was admitted to the Presence of the Royal Princess, and found her turmoil'd with many Cares and deep Cogitations. At what time she, who was never wanting in any measure of Familiarity, casting a Propitious Look upon the *Interpreters of the Holy Bible*, deliver'd her self in these Expressions to me.

What a Severe and Cruel Necessity, said she, *now lies upon me, either to forsake a Father, whom my Grandmother first ruin'd, (hence France the Author of our Parents Calamity,) or to forsake a Husband, my Country, nay God himself, and my Soul, my Nearest and my Dearest Pledge.*

'Tis a Cruel Necessity indeed, Madam, answer'd I, but not to be avoided; Heaven not enduring divided Duty, nor divided Affections; Heaven, that has not only joyn'd you by an Eternal Tie to *WILLIAM*, but calls you to Succour your Labouring if not Perishing Country, the Church of God, your Religion, and these your *Batavians*, over whose Necks the Sword or Bondage hang. You forsake a Father, Madam, 'tis true, but who first forsook Himself, Nature, his Children, Kingdoms, Religion, Laws, his Word, and the Hopes of his Subjects; who departed himself from the Government, that he might serve the Conveniences of those, who under the pretence of False Religions, measure all things Divine and Human by their own Advantages.

ges. And when I added, that she was called by the Voice of Heaven from a most delightful Ease, to be the Companion of *WILLIAM* in his Cares and Toyles, and unless our Wishes fail'd us, to the Government of one of the Greatest Empires in the World.

I, said the Very Image of Modesty it self, I Govern a People and Weild Scepters! I who have only learnt to handle, next the Sacred Bible, Books that either may instruct or recreate the Mind, then to handle my Needle, Pen or Pencil, or to mind my Flowers, Garden, or whatever else belongs to my Family Affairs, or calls off our Sex from the Contagion of Idleness! And therefore be not deceived in your Opinion, continued she, smiling, as if the Prince by his Society had instructed me in the Arts of Peace and War. 'Tis true, after Hard Hunting, or wearied with Continual Audiences, or tir'd with Incessant Cares for the Good of the Republick, He comes to my Chamber, about Supper-time, upon this Condition, that I should not tire him more with multiplicity of Questions, but rather strive to recreate him overtoild and almost spent, with pleasing Jest, that might revive him with Innocent Mirth.

Thus you see, most Noble Auditors, that *MART* may be said to have been, for the greatest part, her own School-mistress in the most difficult of all Arts, the Art of Reigning; nor would she so lately have taken Empire upon her; had it not been to preserve the Empire from Ruin. And indeed her first Rudiments, from the time that she betook her self to the Helm of the Republick, while *WILLIAM* was labouring beyond the Seas to stop the Career of an Impetuous Enemy, equall'd if not surpassed the consummate Foresight, Sagacity, Courage, Virtue and fidelity, as well in Council as in the Field, either of the *Marcia's*, formerly among the *Britons*, or the *Zenobia's* in the *East*. And that
which

which amaz'd the World was this, that neither the Pride, nor the Ambition of those Women actuated her; yet when all things were in a Tottering Condition within the Kingdom, when the surrounding Ocean shook with Gallick Thunder, and all good men were struck with astonishment, and under the Terror of dubious Event, she shewed a Courage undaunted and unacquainted with Fear. The British Sea was covered with the Enemies Fleet, in a manner Victorious, and contemning Female Empire, block'd up the *English* Havens, when at the same time, after their Fidelity sold and adulterated for Mony, the *English* and their Admiral look'd on as immoveable, while the *Belgian* Ships deserted by Nefarious Conspiracy, were sunk and batter'd, when they least expected it. Within the Bosom of the Kingdom also, Fell Conspirators endeavour'd through hidden and pernicious Mines, not delv'd with Spade or Pickax, but Horrid Machinations, to open a way to a most Crafty Enemy, who under the Specious pretence of *James's* Name, not only threatened the Queen with Chains, the *English* with Servitude, Religion with Exile, and to mix all things with Confusion, Slaughter, Conflagration, Sack and Rapine, but sang their 10 Triumphs, as if the Town had been their own. In *Flanders*, through a certain Fatal Misfortune, and by the Craft rather than the Courage of *French* Impetuosity, our Horse giving way to their first Fury, the Confederate Forces were worsted. All this while *WILLIAM* was a great way off in *Ireland*, where the *French* in conjunction with the perfidious *Irish*, possessed all the Cities, Towns, Castles, Fortresses, Ports, and the Metropolis of the whole Kingdom. Nor were Affairs in a doubtful condition only, but almost desperate, beyond the Power of Human Sagacity to imagin, that ever our Hero, in view of an opposing Enemy, should ford the *Boyn*, as *Cesar* did the *Rhine* and *Batis*, exposing his Royal Person, not unwounded neither,

to

to the Cannon Bullets, and Musquet Hail, and in one day put the *Barbarians* with their *French* Confederates to flight, and constrain *Trembling James* to quit the Island. In the midst of so many Streights, what did *MART* do? Did She despond, was She terrifi'd with the hideousness of the Danger? Did She shake for fear, when

Et Tellus atq; Horrida contremuerunt Aequora?

Was she afraid of suborn'd Russians? Did she sink away from the Royal Palace? Did she, dubious what Course to take, commit her self to Fortune, expecting the Event? Or rather did she not with a Manly Courage, an Example unheard of for many Ages backward, appear a *HEROESS* the more Undaunted in the distress of Affairs, Shine more great in the midst of so many Adversities, and with a Presence of Mind, Wise in Council, Swift in Execution, stop the Threatning Navy, dissipate the Machinations without, raise the drooping Spirits of the Conternated, inspire Fortitude into the Cowardly, suppress the Rebellious, terrifie the Perfidious, break the *Cataline's* Conspiracy, revive the destituted and forsaken *Belgians*, and disperse and dispel the terrible Storms and Tempests that threatned on every side: Every where Ubiquitary, in the Palace, in the Council Chamber, in the Camp, in the Temple: Supplying all the Offices of a Queen, of a Senator, of a Captain by Sea and Land, and of a *Flamen*, raising towards Heaven all Pious and Christian Devotion.

Hæc nos Faminea vidimus acta manu.

These things we saw by Female hand perform'd.

F

These

These Acts of Taming a Haughty Enemy, and preserving her Country, were her first Essays: These were Auspicious Commencements of that *Deborah*, who disappointed and brought down more then one *Sisera*, curb'd with a then seasonable Fear. Soon after, all things being compos'd, and the last Night, as it were of *British* Liberty, being chang'd into serene Day-light, and her Royal Sponse being restor'd to her self and to his Kingdoms, she return'd to her former Quiet and Tranquillity of Mind. The rest, who can be ignorant of most, Noble Hearers, how *MARY* while *WILLIAM* march'd with his Victorious Arms beyond the Seas, quelling the Haughty Fierceness of the *French*, and disappointing by provident Delay their crafty Stratagems, how our *HEROESS* quite extinguish'd the Remainers of the *Irish* War, by the Courage and Conduct conspicuous in War of our *Athlone*? Then how still she duly Day and Night watch'd over the Safety of her Kingdoms, her Subjects and the Common Cause; how Assiduous she was in Court and Council whole Days together to advise with all People for the Common Welfare; how she order'd Heaven to be Violenc'd by Prayers of the People through the whole Kingdom, rather imitating her Example, then in Obedience to the Publick Proclamations, for the Preservation of *WILLIAM*; and which I look upon to be more then all the rest, how by severe Edicts she Triumph'd not onely over Treachery and Envy, but over Impiety and Prophaneness?

This *AUGUST* Queen being such, and so Great a Person; so endow'd with a Genius so capacious to manage the Affairs of Peace and War, both in Council and the Field, and so true a Keeper of Secrets, no wonder the Magnanimous Hero rested secure in the Bosom of His *MART*: If he
 trusted

trusted her Prudence with his most Important and *Inward Secrets* ; which her Curiosity never affected : If sometimes press'd, though never oppress'd by the Weight of Affairs, and Burthen of his Cares, he call'd her to his Assistance, and equally divided with his Royal Consort, even in most important and difficult Affairs, *One Mind, and One Will*, his Leisure and his Business, his Prosperity and his Misfortunes ; and that always the same Union of Hearts, the same Conjugal Fidelity, the same AUGUST CONCORD, never disturb'd with Discontents or Clamours, have always been the Glory of their *Nuptial Chamber*, since their first Consecrated Tye of Individual Society. So that their *Two Souls seem'd to be United in One* ; not so much by the Mixture of one Common Blood, or the Law of Conjugal Necessity, as by the *Resemblance of Manners*, and an Emulation to reach Heaven. Far unlike to what the Historian writes of *Placidia*, the Daughter of *Theodosius the Great*, Marry'd to the Haughty Visigoth, *Athaulphus*, That there was then a *Brittle Disposition of Clay join'd to a Disposition of Iron*. *Livia* is also Recorded to have been Easie to *Augustus*, feigning herself wholly at the Beck of her Husband ; not for her Husband's sake, but for her own and her Children's ; for whose Advancement she became a Mother pernicious to the Republick, and suspected of her Husband's Death. And whatever *Sempronius Gracchus* and *Caius Caesar* boast of their *Cornelia's*, *M. Antonius* of his *Octavia*, *Drusus* of his *Antonia*, *Germanicus* of *Agrippina*, or *Trajan* of his *Plotina* ; Whatever the British History vaunts of *Marcia Proba*, the Wife of *Guitheline* ; of *Maud the Good*, Wife of *Henry the First* ; of *Joan Beaufort* Marry'd to *James the First*, King of *Scotland* ; of *Eleanore of Castile*, the Wife of *Edward the First* ; *Philippa of Hainault* Marry'd to *Edward the Third*, for their Manly Deeds, for the Preservation of their Husbands or their Kingdoms, or for their

Conjugal

Conjugal Fidelity; certainly *WILLIAM* might justly exalt his Single *MARY* above all the Wives of Former Times. Than whom no Woman Greater for her Courage, more Religious in her Affection, more Amiable in her Countenance, more Modest in her Habit, more Affable in her Discourse, or who with a more obedient Readiness to serve her Royal Consort, whether present or absent; was more his Counsellor, *his Hands, his Ears, his Eyes*, and every way more Assistant to him. Certainly this was the true *Rose of YORK*, born indeed among Thorns, yet free from Prickles herself; whose Heart was without Gall, her Forehead without a Frown, her Words without any Sting, her Modesty without any Focus, her Piety without any Pretence, or Vail, unless you mean the Vail of Modesty, Chastity and Humility; in which sense Piety is represented Vail'd in the Ancient Coins; and as now lately the August *WILLIAM* told his Mourful Bishops and Grandees, That *MARY'S* outside was known to Them; but that her Intrinsic and just Value was only known to himself.

But as in this Mortal life, no Man can hope for perfect Happiness, and for that Human Affairs are many times the Sport of Human Wisdom, so this one thing was wanting to our Incomparable *QUEEN*; I mean the Appellation of Mother, Mother of the World, Mother of the Gods, Mother of Kingdoms. God so providing, because he never perpetuates his choicest Blessings to the World. Then, lest if *WILLIAM* and *MARY*, two Miracles of Nature and Grace had had Issue between 'em, either the Offspring might have degenerated from so great Parents, and have eclips'd their Glory: Or had they fill'd up the Measure of so great Names, they would have exceeded the Lot of Mortals, and by the Dazzle of so much Light and Majesty, giv'n Man a Pretence by too much Veneration, to have

have injur'd Religion and the Worship of the Immortal God. Nor did *MART* brook her *BARRENNESS* with Impatience: She did not cry out, *Give me Children, or else I dye*: She did not Contend with Heaven, nor Violence it with querulous Complaints; but so put up her Prayers to the Almighty, that, though unanswer'd, they might rather inflame her Piety and Faith: I say, her Piety, most *Noble Auditors*, which *MART* lookt upon to be the *Compendium*, the Seasoning of all Vertues, and the Support of Kingdoms; and therefore Religion was always her first Care. and her *Supreme Law*; as it was also to her Glorious *WILLIAM*. And therefore it was the frequent Saying of those two August *PRINCES*, *That neither the Guards of Majesty, the Councils of Princes, Emperors Legions, Cities Garrison, Courage of their Leaders, Well disciplin'd and Veteran Armies, nor the Sinews of War any thing avail'd to the Preservation of Sovereigns or their Subjects without God's Assistance.* By which means it came to pass, that since the first Foundation of Monarchies, and the rejecting of that Nation which was once so Sacred to God, never did any other Reign more happily resemble the Form and Image of a *Theocracie* or God reigning over Mankind. I know that the solicitous Piety of more than one Empress is extoll'd to the Sky by the *Annals of the Church*; not with that servile Pen of some Historians, neither as when *Josephus* commends *Poppaa Sabina*, a Woman of a Prostituted Leudness, for her Sanctity to the Gods. But whatever Religion has inspir'd into the most Holy Women, for whom Publick Prayers have been put up, as for the *SAFETY* and *SECURITY* of the *REPUBLICK*, and for whom Publick Anniversaries have been Solemniz'd by all the East, such as *Helena*, *Pulcheria* and *Ælia Flaccilla*; yet that all those Mixtures of Humility and Superstition, Magnify'd by the Officious Failings of Human Interest ever came near the *Con-*

spacious Sanctity of our **HEROEES**, neither Friend nor
 For will betray his Judgment so far as to believe. What
 Queen like Her, with equal Ardour and Affection, was ever
 so Assiduous in her *private Conversations with God*, to whom
 she not only offer'd the *First-fruits of her Morning-sacrifices*
her self, but Commanded it to be done by all that serv'd
 her? *Who converted almost into Chappels, her Bed-chamber,*
and the Innermost Recesses? Who so resign'd her self to As-
 sociate with her Saviour, that besides her Morning and
 Evening-Prayers, besides her *Monthly and set Fasts*, every
 Day in her Closet alone by her self offer'd up her Particu-
 lations, not of Frankincense or Wine, but of Sighs and
 Tears? Importuning Heaven with her most fervent Pray-
 ers, as well for the *Despair'd of Conversion of her Father*, as
 for the Preservation of her Husband, her Kingdoms, Ar-
 mies, the Confederate Cause, and the many Calamities
 which the Church groans under? More especially, how
 fervently did our Queen implore the most Merciful Dei-
 ty, with deep-fetch'd Sighs, powerfully to avert from the
Sacred Head of her Royal Husband, on which the Welfare
 of All depended, so many Dangers by Sea and Land, so
 many Darts contorted against it; so many Machinations
 and Ambushes of malicious Conspiracy, so many *Bloody*
Right Hands of Hir'd Assassins? Who so enter'd the
 Temple of God, as one that only intended Adoration,
 casting out of her *Royal Chappel* the *quavering Singers and*
Fiddlers, admitted *merely to tickle the Ears*; accusom'd al-
 ways to compose her Mind, and not her Looks or Hair;
 moderate in her Dress, sparing in her Train, *but eager and*
humble in her Attention? Who, when ever she enter'd the
 Church-doors, or happen'd to sneeze in the time of Di-
 vine Service, impatiently brook'd the Bowings and Crin-
 ges of the Sycophant Croud; professing *That in the House*
of God, the distinction was the same of Meanest and Highest
from

from the most Infinite Majesty. What other Princess, in the very Imprisonments of Life and August Glory, in the slippery Station of soothing Age, Beauty and Sovereign Power, in the midst of so many good Wishes and Adorations, was ever observ'd to exalt her Mind so sublimely, yet so humbly to Heaven, as if she coveted every Day the Presence of her Soul in Bliss; who thought every Day lost, that was not spent according to the Precepts of Christ? Who trampled with contempt upon what was Transient and Mortal, as Thrones, Scepters, Palaces, Crowns, Diadems, Robes of Dignity, Purple Trains, and whatever else she knew to be only deceitful Shew? But as once *Mecenas* said, Nobly, to *Augustus Caesar*, That he would never dye more immortal, then when he call'd to mind every Day that he was Mortal, through an equal necessity of being born and dying; so was this the frequent, if not daily Meditation of our *August Queen*. So that, as it were foreseeing her approaching Mortality, conscious to her self that the Laws of Fate never regarded Youthful Years, nor Majesty of Thrones, nor the Pomp of numerous Guards, nor surrounding Attendance, nor the good Wishes of Men; She, a rare Example, mov'd by the untimely Death of several *Illustrious Women* in her Court, thought it high time more familiarly to converse with Death, and meditate upon Eternity. And that she might always have him in her Eye, besides the sacred Books which she turn'd over more frequently then ever *Alexander* did *Homer's Iliads*; she apply'd her self to other Books no less familiar to her, which taught the Art of Dying well, more especially the Treatise upon that Subject of *Charles Drelincourt*, which she confess'd to his Son, then one of her Physicians, that she had read above seven times over. So that it may be said
of

of this August Queen, what *Theophilus Alexandrinus* is reported to have admir'd upon his Death bed in the Great *Arsenius*, who embrac'd a solitary Life in *Egypt*, weary'd out with the Honours of *Theodosius's* Court, *Happy Thou, who didst always set this last Hour before thy Eyes.*

This being the Temper and Disposition of *Mary's* Mind, and the Sanctity of her Life, how Great may you think was her Desire to reform what she found to be corrupt and deprav'd in the Manners of the Times, through the Licentiousness of the former Reigns? The solicitous and pensive Queen recall'd to her Mind the late *Royal Court* and the Nation it self, soften'd and effeminated by the Delights of the Climate and the Soil, and the Temptations of Sin freed from the Fear of Punishment; when all People wanton'd in Plenty, Ease, Luxury, Play, Balls, and *Vitellian* Wastings of the Night, so that the Nerves of all manner of Vertue seem'd to be shrunk up. She observ'd *there was no Piety, but what was either in the Looks or outward Habit*: Manners everywhere dishonour'd; the Publick Churches adorn'd like Scenes; Burthens converted frequently into Honours, and Incumbent Duties made beneficial; the *Ministry of the Church* into a kind of *Civil Domination*, and the large Revenues of it made the Pampering Food of Wallowing Sloth and Domestick Luxury. Who can now doubt but that *MART* us'd all her Endeavours to reduce all things into better Order, that she might restrain People from Things dishonest, more through the shame of Transgressing, then the Fear of Punishment: And that she might promote to the Care of Spiritual Things, to the Priesthood and Preferments in the Church, August *WILLIAM* permitting

mitting this Choice to her piercing Judgment, none but such as excell'd in Learning, Piety and Moderation. By which means it came to pass, that those Vices which openly before erected their Heads, now look out for skulking Holes and voluntary Exile. *Luxury being expell'd the utmost Limits of the Court*, Profuse Expences being restrain'd, the Incitements and Rewards of Vice being taken away, and the *Discipline of the best Times being again restor'd*. For all were to be taught to live and imitate the Manners of both Princes, and to conform themselves to the Example of *WILLIAM* and *MARY*, which was at it were the Censure and Accusation of *Luxury* and *Intemperance*.

And who can be ignorant of the *Streams of Royal Beneficence*, that were always flowing from this inexhaustible Fountain of Piety? Not petty Rivolets, but large and spreading Rivers; *Rivers of Milk, Rivers of Honey*. Which ran at first indeed through the Thirsty Sands of *MARY's* Kingdoms, into which a Cruel Tempest had cast Myriads of miserable People; afterwards abounding in Water, through the Annual Exhibitions of Our *QUEEN*, amounting to no less then *Forty Thousand Pounds English*, if credit may be given to the Letters written from thence. Then the same Waters were to flow, but through occult and latent Passages, without any noise, without any murmuring, beyond the Seas, into the thirsty and gaping Channels within *Belgium* it self, of several Societies; or else into the Bosoms of distressed Families, Widows, Ministers, Noble Matrons and Virgins, whose Possessions and Patrimonies afforded ample subsistence before, but now abandon'd and ruin'd. After this,

H

Germany

Germany waſted with Fire and Sword, was to be re-
 fresh'd with the ſame Fountains ; or *Switzerland* almoſt
 overwhelm'd with Multitudes of the Miſerable flying
 for Harbour from the Valleys of *Piedmont*, where
 there was neither Houſe nor Hovel for ſuffering In-
 nocency. But as to theſe things, no Praises, no Pane-
 gyrics are more Efficacious then *ſilence and ſecreſſie*.
MART her ſelf was ſilent, tho the Stones now ſpeak.
 Yet are they not Pillars , nor Obeliſks, nor Chappels
 of the Superſtitious, magnificently adorn'd with Gold, Sil-
 ver and Marble ; nor Conſecrated Oblations to the
Lady of Loretto ; but more Sacred Monuments then all
 theſe ; every where *Houſes of Piety*, *Hospitals* both pub-
 lick and private, which ſhe either built with her Mo-
 ny, or liberally endowed. *Laſtly*, The Moans and La-
 mentations of an Infinite Number of all *Conditions*,
Sexes and Ages, who Gratefully and with Tears ac-
 knowledge they are beholding to her for their Lives
 and all the Conveniences of Life , extoll Her to the
 Skies. So that no Body in want, no Body truly poor,
 no Body reduced to Miſery, ever found *MART'S* Be-
 nignity e're clos'd againſt him, or made his caſe known
 in vain , whoſe Petitions ſhe did not only answer,
 when applied to, but for the moſt part prevented, when
 ſhe was acquainted with their neceſſities. 'Twould
 be too long to enumerate every particular. 'Tis enough,
 that we have ſeen in our Age , a *MART* pouring
 forth from Her *Royal Viol* the moſt Precious Liquor
 of the Exquiſite Nard, to anoint *Myriads of Poor Peo-
 ple lying at the Feet of Jeſus* , and in that abundance,
 that the Fragrant Odour of it has fill'd the whole
 Houſe of God in every Corner of the World. Oh --
moſt truly the Better Part, made choice of by the belov'd
 of God ! Oh ! moſt Joyful Cataſtrophe , while thoſe
 Treasures

Treasures that before were scattered with an Inconsiderate Bounty among *Harlots, Buffoons and Players*, as formerly at *Rome* among the *Pathic Pallas's* and *Narcissus's*, and such like Instruments of Wickedness, the Senate being defrauded, are now laid out either for *Publick Preservation*, or to succour the Necessities of the Miserable. Oh truly *Royal Muniscence*, not bountiful of other Peoples, but their own, giving what was by Violence torn from no Man; all People being convinc'd that this is no *Restitution* of what was unjustly taken away, or that an *Exchequer* now is open'd again, which being exhausted and in debt by *Prodigal Liberality*, or the Expences of rashly undertaken Wars, was supplied again with the Tears, the Blood and Substance of the People, as was done under Tyrannic Domination.

But whither will my Subject extend it self; or how should those Great Actions which cannot be contracted within any Limits of Places, Regions or Ages be confin'd within the Bounds of One Oration, or the Walls of this Temple? Yet were I not too narrowly streightned, how many Things could I say of the Earnest Desires of our Pious Queen to see extinguish'd, or, as much as could be, lessened the Impious Divisions, too deeply rooted, but first sown by the Wicked Emissaries of Rome, to the Ruin of her Country. How averse was she from the Severity of former Times, which decreed the Dissentors, if not to be exterminated by the Sword, yet to be routed out by Excommunications, and macerated by Imprisonments, Fines and Banishment, for the only sake of their differing Discipline, free from all other the least Stain or Pestilence of Heresie or False Doctrine? And how

how earnestly has she wish'd in my hearing (that saving to the Church of *England* and the Bishops their Ancient Rights) *there might be a moderate way found to consolidate the Common safety of England, and the Universal Church, by the Union of all Parties; all Offences being Remov'd all Animosity being laid Aside, all Passion being Moderated, and whatsoever on either side savoured too much of Human Invention, being utterly rejected.* Neither if we have any thing of Prophetic in us, is all Hopes of such a Union cut off in the Loss of *MART*, while *WILLIAM* still remains. What need more words, *Conscript Fathers*; What a Veneration of Equity was there in our Heroefs? What a Reverence of the Laws? What a Moderation of Mind next to that of Angels, so that *Her Anger never, Her Reason always mov'd*? What a Pleasing Affability to all her Servants, who strove to out-vye each other in Love, Fidelity and ready Obedience to such a Mistress, whose Commands were Intreaties? How patiently did she pass-by Injuries, tho done to Majesty, which tho *Aristotle*, in his Moral Precepts, looks upon as Servile, she with *Octavius Caesar*, thought to be Royal; the only Woman that would not forgive Backbiting and Slander in others, Flattery of her self, and Contumely against God. But in what *Annals* do we meet with that Clemency in Princes, as in *MART* and *WILLIAM*, not excepting the *Titus's*, *Trajan's* or *Antoninus's*, who would not dip their Scepters in the Blood of their Enemies, much less of the Guilty, meerly out of a Desire to Save and Reform? For *Augustus* was by Nature known to be more prone to Revenge, only his Prudence made him Mild; which was the Reason he was so merciful to *Lucius* the Consul, to *Metellus* the Father, for the Son's sake, to *Corne-*
linus

melius Gallus, to Cinna, to the Mutinous Legions,
 whose Names, deliver'd him in Writing, he flung into
 the Fire. But *MART* was so slow in requiring the
 Punishment of Offenders, so accustomed to Pardon, and
 to be atton'd by the Wives, Children and Kindred of
 Rebels, and whoever embrac'd the Knees of Majesty, and
 fled to the Altar of Royal Mercy, that many thought it
 an allowance of Treason, and an Authorizing Impunity
 But the Clemency of the *AUGUST COUPLE*
 being rightly considered, the Prince was not deceiv'd
 by the Perjury; but the Perfidious themselves, ill con-
 sulting their own safety, while they willingly and vo-
 luntarily devoted their Lives, their Families and their
 Fortunes to the Vengeance of a Revenging God.

From that Extraordinary Indulgence, and desire of
 curing rather than ruining the Guilty, who is there
 that may not easily make a Judgment of all the rest;
 of her Constant Mind in Adversity, her steady Faith
 in God, her Love to her Subjects, her Affection to her
 Servants, her Fidelity to her Confederates, her Pity
 to the Afflicted, and her Love toward all Men?
 Take some Specimens in a few words, but most
 worthy your Attention. Presently upon the News of
 the Death of *Charles II.* *MART'S* Uncle by the Fa-
 ther's side, who

Lov'd her better then if he had begot her.

Plus quam si genuisset Amarat.

When this Most Noble Senate interposed their kind Of-
 fices of Condolence for so great a Loss, by which
 her Father came to the Sovereignty, but upon which

most dark and dismal Storms threatned the Kingdom, the Church and the Reformed Religion; she, as she was never without all the Marks of Civility, after she had answered the Messenger, added these Expressions,

That it was the Will of GOD, through whose Providence, there was no reason to despair of the Public safety: That the Best Consolation in Affliction was a Relyance upon GOD: That there was a Threatning Cloud hung over Her Father's Kingdoms, but that he was able to bring forth a splendid and most Acceptable Cloud out of the Thickest Darknes.

Oh *MART* a true Prophetess, and Words, a Certain Augury of what was to come! 'Tis now about two years since that the fatal news reached the Ears of the best of Queens, that News more especially doleful to our Merchants, that so many Ships laden with Rich Goods and Wealthy Treasure bound for the *Levant*, either through Perfidiousness or supine Negligence, were either sunk, or burnt, or yielded up to the *French*; which penetrated so deeply to the Heart of the Compassionate Queen, that she could not forbear watering her Royal Cheeks, before all the Standers by, with a deluge of Tears; nor did she only with her Tears bemoan the losses of those who suffered after a more than ordinary manner, but also testified her sympathizing in their Misery to the Widows and Orphans that were

were hardly able to bear up under so great a Calamity. Nor shall I ever forget that Cruel Hour, when going to take my leave of the Princess returning to her Country.

I am call'd, *said she*, to my Husband, to my Native Country, to my Fellow Citizens, and whither Providence leads me, I must follow. But when I leave this Palace, I leave the Seat of my Leisure, my Tranquillity and Delight: And first shall my Right Hand forget it self, before I will ever forget this my *Belgium*, after so many Proofs of the Affection and Judgment of this Republick. Whose Losses, *added she*, without the least Commotion of Mind, whose Misfortunes and Calamities, and also whatever Prosperous and Joyful befalls it, I shall look upon as my own, as long I remember my self.

Pardon me, Noble Auditors, if Sorrow weakens me to that degree, and intercepts my Voice in such a manner that I am forced to draw a Vail over all the Rest. More especially as to the *pour'd-forth Good Wishes of the People*, those Respectful Duties of the Reverencing Fathers, the Weepings and Lamentations filling all the Streets, the loud Farewel Acclamations which the *flocking Multitude* of Men, Women and Children, of both Sexes and all Ages sent up to Heaven, and with which they

they rather seem'd to call her back, then take their leaves of her. Farewel Pious, Farewel Best of Princes, Farewel the most Affectionate to Us, and never to be enough Belov'd again. Oh Severe and Cruel Remembrance! Oh sad and dismal Presages of a Last and Eternal Separation! But here my Sorrow stops my Mouth, and I must put an end at length to my Most Bitter Memorial of her Praises. But wherefore do I say an End, when dying she was so much above all Praises, by how much the more she approached nearer to Heaven and Eternity. *Ah Fatal and Unfortunate Day*, fit to be expung'd out of the Records of Time, when all things prosperous by Sea and Land, at Home and Abroad; a Bright Sun gloriously shining in *Britain*; the Court in Jollity, the King Safe, the Parliament in perfect Union; the People pouring forth Acclamations, Conspirators all suppressed; the Armies breathing forth nothing but Battels and Triumphs; all things compos'd under the Auspices of the turning year, as it was thought to more lasting Joys; when the Eyes of all the World were fix'd upon the *Incomparable* Pair of of Sovereigns, and the Good Wishes of all were, *A Happy New Year to the Master and Mistress*: Ah, Unfortunate and Fatal Day, when of a sudden the Sky being overcast, and a Dark Afrightful Cloud covering the Meridian Sun, the *Face of Things was chang'd*, and Rangs like those of Childbed succeeded. This Day was the *Thirtieth of December*, according to the *Gregorian Account*, when the most desir'd of Queens, Youthful, Cheerful, Vigorous, and born, as all Men thought, to *Eternity of Empire*, and whom the suffrages and desires of all Men had destin'd to exceed the *Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, felt the first signs of an *In-croaching Disease*, that was soon after to lay her in her

her Grave. And presently at the beginning, Nature Deceiving Art; and the Genius of the Distemper, the most Sagacious Physicians, while some conjectur'd it to be the *Small Pox*, others the *Masels*, others an Intercuticular *Ignis Sacer*, some one thing, others another; the Flame gathered strength so insensibly, and the Fire wanting no Fuel, fed so fiercely, while the latent Mischief stuck within her Bowels, that no repeated Bloodletting, no force of Medicaments, no Human Providence, no Industry of Art could quench the Heat, or drive the Contagion to the outward Parts.

Thus that *QUEEN* in whose Eyes, never was any *Fine* but what was truly *Holy*, in whose Countenance never any Colour but what was in imitation of the *Rose*, in whose *Præcordia* never any Boiling Choler, or Burning Anger ever known, her Mild and Patient Breast, at length the Cruel Flame so shook, endeavouring to break forth, that within the space of *Eight Days*, the most Lovely and *Splendid Structure* was burnt down and fell to the Ground. Yet fell in such manner, that the Tower of her Reason untouch'd, and in vain assail'd by Noxious Vapours, the Soul that only lodg'd within so great a Domicil, the *Divine Mind* that guided the whole Frame, and which being sprinkled with *Celestial Dew*, like the *Burning Bush* received no Harm in the midst of the Flames, retain'd the Knowledge of God, Her Self and her Condition. And thus with a Compos'd and Quiet Mind, the Lamp of Faith and Hope continually burning, and a Hidden Light from Heaven illuminating those Darkneses wherewith the Dying Queen was encompass'd, and the Serenity of her Forehead lessening the Ghastliness of her Countenance; the Fortunate *MARY* was to be *Eternally*

withdrawn from the most unfortunate Age: Almost at the same Years, and with the same fury of the Disease, as *Alexander was ravish'd from the World*, or *Germanicus Caesar*, bewail'd by those who knew him not, tho' their immortality were not the same.

For with what a Countenance think ye, *Noble Auditors*, did she receive the Dismal News of her approaching and certain Fate, the terror of Demi-Gods and Heroes, before the last Combats and Struglings of Expiring Nature. When the renowned *THOMAS TENISON*, a Person, in whose *Learning, Eloquence Integrity and Fortitude of Mind*, *St. Ambrose* and *Chrysostom* may more truly seem to be reviv'd than in his Cope and purple, like another *Isaiah*, was sent to comfort up the Queen, and thus deliver'd himself to her at the *last minute* of her Life.

Madam, *Settle your Affairs, your Family and your Mind*; you have liv'd and finish'd the Course which the Parent of Nature hath allotted you: She receiv'd it with the same chearfulness of Countenance and Mind, as she was wont to do every thing else: not complaining and murmuring at her last Gasps with *Germanicus*, that she had just cause of Complaint against God, who took her away by an untimely end, in the Flower of her Youth, from her Husband, from her Country, from her Servants, her People and Friends. Nay, nothing terrified with the Image of Death, she made this Reply.

Father,

Father, how good a Messenger are you to me, who, as it were, commanded from Heaven, bring the Tidings of my last necessity of dying! Here I am ready to submit to what-ever pleases God the Disposer of my Life and Death. I am not now to learn that difficult Art of Well-dying. I have made up my Account with God, by the assistance of my Surety Christ. I have discharged my Conscience long since, I have consider'd the condition of my Mortality: I have settled all my Affairs; and surrendered into the Bosom of my Dearest Husband all those cares that concern the World: And therefore he that calls me, finds me ready to lay down the Burthen of this Life, being no more than a Load of Infirmities, Sin and Labour.

The turning to her Royal Husband, standing by her Bed-side, she is said to have brake forth into words to this Effect.

Farewell, my WILLIAM, and live mindful of our undefiled Matrimony, till Thy Lot shall restore Thee to Me, or Me to Thee. I shall not altogether dye, while Thou singly possessest the Sole Image of Us both. Thou wilt be My Living Tomb, more Sacred and more Honourable than any Mausoleum or Funeral Monument. I was bound

to My Spouse Jesus, before I was ty'd to Thee, nor dost Thou envy him the Prerogative of My Love, who first joyn'd Me to himself. Farewel the last time, and once more live the greatest Part of me. Thus it behov'd Me to go first, and that Thou should close My Eyes, and not I Thine. I was not born to accomplish those Things which being begun by Thee, and by Thee strenuously carried on, remain to be brought by Thee to perfection. 'Tis Thy business to wage Wars; the Supream Emperor has girded Thy Loyns with a Sword. And if there be any Sense of Human Affairs in Heaven, while Thou a Second Joshua art fighting in the Field, Thy MARY shall pour forth Her Prayers for Thee and Thy Israel in the Mountain of Eternity. Lay aside the Vehemente of Thy Grief, Dear Prince, give way to Destiny, rely upon God; and forbear to recall Me again by thy Tears, from the Port of Tranquillity, and the End of my Labours to New Conflicts which I have so often sustained as I have thought upon thy Dangers; nor hasten to follow this Soul of Mine, but live out those Years that Nature has deny'd to Me and Thy own too. And if Thou hast any Love for My People, for the Church, for Holland, for all Europe, be more careful than hitherto of Thy own Preservation.

Thus

Soon after, notwithstanding the Flame that prey'd upon her Marrow, a stronger Fire from Heaven so inflamed her *Celestial Soul*, so that her fervent Heart that now no longer thought of any thing Mortal, soar'd up to God, her sparkling Eyes were fix'd upon Heaven, and her deep-fetch'd sighs ascended up to Jesus; those Precious Oblations breathing forth most Sweet Perfumes to Heaven, like Costly Odours laid on Burning Coals. Till at length, the most August and Pious *MARY STUART* in the midst of the Wailing Throbs of all the Standers by, and mournful *WILLIAM* sipping her last Gasps, made a full end of Living and deserving well of Human Kind, only in the Lasting Example and Emulation of her Vertues; the first day of the Kalends of *January*, in the Year *MDCXCV*. toward the Sixth Year of her Reign, in Thirty Third of her Age, and Seventeenth of her Conjugal Conjunction with the Renowned *WILLIAM*, and some Months over.

Thus

Thus dyed the AUGUST QUEEN
 MART, PIOUS, COMPASSIO-
 NATE, BENEFICENT, VICTO-
 RIOUS, BLESSED, who magnifi-
 cently triumphed over *Envy, Ambition, Pride,*
Ungodly Affections, the Vices of the Age, du-
 ring the whole Course of her Life, and lastly
 over the Great Enemy of Mankind, with
 whom we are all to struggle. Thus she
 surrendred *Scepters, Purple,* thus all Pomp
 and Glory, not till she had first enjoy'd and
 tasted the Vanity of every one; she, then
 whom Ancient and Modern Ages never
 knew any thing more Majestic or more
 Venerable, nothing more Elated above all
 the Bounds of Envy or Human Custom;
 and like to whom it will never be possi-
 ble for the Imagination to form any other
Princes, whole Kingdoms and Empires Endure.
 Thus now must be enter'd in a Royal
 indeed, but small obscure Six Foot Domi-
 cil, that Noble, but Embowell'd Body of
 MARY, from which they now must turn
 their mourful Eyes and Hearts, who so lately
 were Chear'd and Exhilerated by the *Bright-
 ness* of her Royal Structure, by the Maje-
 sty

try of her Serene and Awful Aspect, by the
 Coelestial Splendor of her Eyes, and the
 Charming Sweetness of her Words. Thus
 e're she had measur'd the one half of
 ELIZABETH'S Reign by several years,
 MARY ceas'd to live. But still this
 Name seems much more Happy and Au-
 spicious, than was the most Praise-worthy
 Name of *Elizabeth*. For *Elizabeth* was the
 Astonishment, this the Love and Delight
 of the World. She reigned in the Hearts
 of a Great Nation, This in the Hearts of
 all People. *Elizabeth* was Famous for the
 Splendor, Magnificence and outward Pomp
 of her Court and Church; but MARY
 won more Renown by her Humility, her
 Bounty and her Alms. *Elizabeth* exalted the
 Grandeur and Honour of the *English* Name.
 This studied those Things which tended to
 the Consolation and Succour of the Mis-
 erable, and to the Eternal Concord, Peace
 and Felicity of her People.

Ob Sempeternal Ornament of QUEENS
 and WIVES! Didst thou here therefore
 only come, permit me the Repetition of
 the Words that were said to Cato, sudden-
 ly

ly withdrawing himself out of the Senate,
 Didst thou come hither, only to be gone again!
 To deceive the Wishes of so many Mortals,
 who thought there could nothing more cor-
 roborate their Felicity in this moveable
 Scene of Wordly Affairs; then if *MARY*
 should long live and Govern! Dost thou thus,
 Great *QUEEN* withdraw thy self from
 thy *WILLIAM*, from thy People, from
 thy *Hollanders*! Of whom we may more tru-
 ly say, then fawning *Rome* of her *Augustus*
 or *Severus*, that they ought either never to have
 been Born, or never to have Died. Whose First
 Birth, when thou wert born to the Earth,
 might be look'd upon as the *Palatia* or Foun-
 dation-Festivals of *Britain* and the Universal
 Church; but thy Last Birth, by which thou
 wert born to Heaven might be thought the
 utmost Line of Both, didst thou not still
 live in *WILLIAM*. Behold now the
 Reformed Church, and of all Hands the
 most Fortunate, that was illustrated by such
 a Sun, is now wrapt up in Darkness by
 the departure of so Bright a Luminary por-
 tending great and unspeakable Calamities,
 unless the most benign Deity avert them,
 how'lt by the loud Prayers of His Elect. How-
 ever

ever we envy thy Immaculate Happinefs ;
 in this our fingle Love of thee exceeding
 whatever Charity we have for our felves,
 that we ftrive not to recall thee back to
 thofe *Frail Glories* which thou feefte below us
 and trampleft 'em all under thy Feet ; rais'd
 above all the Rage of Treachery, the Snares of
 Envy, the Violences of Enemies, the *Injuries*
of Age, or the Fleet Image of Worldly
 Things. We bewail our own and the Lof-
 fes of the *whole World*, but with bruifed
 Breasts we accufe our Transgressions a-
 gainft Heaven, as the Causes of our Cal-
 amities. And may it then be lawful for us
 alfo, in thefe our laft *Funeral Offices*, to
 give thee a long and Eternal Farewel. "Fare-
 "wel AUGUST MARY, lately the
 "Moft Sacred Pledge of Heaven, the Feli-
 "city of the World, the Ornament of the
 "Age, the Admiration of the People, the
 "Palladium of *Britain*, the Delight of *Hol-*
 "land, the Consolation of the Church, the
 "Support of Truth, the Curb of Vice,
 "the Foster-Mother of the Poor, the Hope
 "and Defence of the Miserable. Suffer us,
 "tho taken from our Eyes, that we may
 M "always

“ always fix thee in our Minds; that we
 “ may always behold with a joyful and
 “ perpetual Remembrance, that Countenance,
 “ that Aspect which formerly we approach-
 “ ed with Veneration, that Royal Right-
 “ Hand which we have often *so* *submissively*
 “ *Kiss'd*, but more especially that Coele-
 “ stial Mind, and in That, the Concur-
 “ rence of all Praises and all manner of
 “ Vertue. Lastly, HAPPY SOUL,
 “ accept, not the vain Noises of profuse
 “ Applause, which they pour often from
 “ their Breasts that are prodigal in praising
 “ others; not Female Lamentations, not
 “ Fruitless Wishes, not Windy Expressions
 “ and Volleys of Idle Words. Accept, not Sa-
 “ crilegious Altars, nor Temples, nor Mas-
 “ ses, nor Circension Pomp, nor Funeral Cha-
 “ riots, but accept this Publick and Grate-
 “ ful Testimony of Minds most devoted to
 “ thy Vertues, to thy Benefits, to what thou
 “ hast merited of us, CONSECRATED
 “ TO THY ETERNAL HONOUR
 “ AND MEMORY.

And

And now we turn our selves to Thee, the *MOST INVINCIBLE*, yet the *MOST SORROWFUL* of Things, in whose *Royal Palace*, among Triumphant Lawrels the unfortunate Cypreis supplies the room of the most Auspicious Rose. You with more right implore from the Immortal God, what *Augustus Cæsar* is reported to have begg'd at the Funeral of *Drusus Germanicus*; that his False Deities would grant him an Exit equally Glorious; you with more right I say, this day that *MARY* is carried to her Tomb with publick Funeral Splendor, implore of God an Exit like that of your *QUEEN*, and the Glory of a Death like Hers. But we above all things stretch forth our Hands and Hearts to Him under whose disposal we live, that none of us may see that *Black Day Rise*, wherein the Hasty Death of *WILLIAM* would prove the Common and the Fatal Funeral Pile of all Europe, and the Universal Church. Strengthen your self with Vertue and Courage *MOST VALIANT* of *HERO'S*: You that are accustomed to vanquish others, even anger'd Fortune it self.

You

You that appear'd more wonderful in *Adversity* then in *Prosperity*. You whom the World's Sovereign Emperor has *hardned from the Cradle* by Misfortunes, and whose Vertue had been *less conspicuous*; had it been *less subdued and exercised*; so frame your Mind to Constancy of Resolution, that it may be manifest not only to *Britain*, but to all the World, that you could overcome your Self, whom no man else could ever *vanquish*; even when Invincible Nature was to be expugn'd, which is the Chiefest Victory of all. We do not desire Your Breast should be inaccessible to Grief or Joy, which *Marcus Aurelius* is reported to have affected, far from any commotion of Mind: We only desire this, that after Your Tears have prov'd You to be a Man, You would remember that You are a Prince, and such a Prince, upon whose single Fortitude, so many Nations, so many People, so many Panting Souls believe their Safety their Liberty, their Hopes and Fortunes depend. You have all along been mindful, which we look upon and esteem to be the Greatest Thing of all, that you are a Christian, bred up in the more Sacred School then the most

most Elloquent of the *Romans*, while you are fully convinc'd that nothing happens preternatural or unusual to the *Laws of Providence*, not so much as the fall of a Sparrow, much less of a Man, still much less of all those who are the express Image of that Immortal Deity whom they represent. Your Mind GREAT KING, that horrid Thought ne're troubl'd, which disturb'd the Famous *Pompey*, after the slaughter of *Pharsalia*, whether the Gods took care of things on Earth? You that have learnt to wage War with Kings, not to contend with the King of Kings, suffer not your self to be incens'd against Heaven, for redemanding the Pledge which it had given You, but for no certain Time. So that it may seem doubtful to many, whether You have more Reason to lament for what You have lost, or to be gratefully thankful for what You once enjoy'd. You dive not into the Secrets of the Eternal Mind, or that all Provident Wisdom, who in a moment seems to us to have destroy'd his own Workmanship, and to have disturb'd and disappointed all both Yours and our

N

Hopes.

Hopes. This is not the *First Day Your Experience*, how many times God frustrates the Desires of Mortals, frequently curtail-
 ing *long-grounded Hopes* by speedy disap-
 pointment, and no less often converting
 into unexpected preservation the despair
 arising from *sad and sudden Accidents*.
 Even YOU YOUR SELF, Great
 Sovereign, have prov'd by Trials of Your
 own, who and how Powerful is that
 Upholder of Princes, that Preserver of
 Your Person, *even before You were born*,
 that Protecting and Avenging God, who
 wrested you from so many *Ambushments*.
 when You were hardly come into the
 World, who dash'd in pieces so many
 Conspiracies against Your Life, held back
 the Hands of so many *Hir'd Assassins*,
 scatter'd the force of growing Distem-
 pers, stifi'd the Hatred and Animosities
 of Your Enemies, averted the Effects of
 attempted Poysons and threatening BUL-
 LETS, and every where cover'd Your
 Sacred Person, in Your Cradle, in Your Pa-
 lace, in the Camp, in Battle, in Your Journeys,
 and in all Manner of Dangers. He it was,
 who

who when all men thought there had been
a final End put to the Rights of Royal
Succession,

Ex falso, mendaci ventre, Puerperio :

By the False-birth of a Fallacious Womb,

That the Ruin of *Britain*, her Laws and
Religion had been determin'd, and the Ex-
tirpation of the Reformed Name, and the
Total Destruction of *Carthage* had been con-
cluded, raised up You, far greater then
Constantine; *MARY*, then *Helena*, to be
the Saviours of the *British Orb*. So is it
also the same God who has safeguarded Your
Person till these times by so many *Prodigies*
and *Miracles*, to be the *Asserter of Liberty*,
the *Curb of Tyranny*, the *Terror of a Potent*
Enemy, the *Bulwark of the Christian World*,
the *Sanctuary of Religion*, and the *Standard by*
which the Successes of the Greatest Actions and
Deliberations are Debated. In You alone, as in
a certain Center, now the *Wishes of all men*
meet, which before were divided between *Two*.
And now, as long as the *FIERCE GAUL*,
still

still proudly advances his Head, tho with
 a languishing Kingdom, exhausted Treasures,
 intercepted Trade, Manufactures laid aside,
 and the Blood of the Subject supplying the
 Exchequer, the Generalitie of the People op-
 pressed, and languishing under Exactions,
 Slavery, War, Famine and scarcity of all
 Things, 'tis Your Part to restore and re-
 vive what has been prostrated and laid waste
 by so many cruel Losses receiv'd from a
Triumphant Enemy; to wipe away our Sor-
 rows and our Grievances, and to raise again to
 its Pristine Lustre, *Peace and Security*, al-
 most all the European Orb, tired out with
 so many Calamities, wasted by so many
Conflagrations, deformed with the *Ghastly*
Footsteps of Gallic Fury, and streaming every
 where with Human Blood. In a Word,
 'tis You **POTENT WILLIAM**,
 that the World demands for *its Restorer*,
 Britain for *her Preserver*, Holland for *her De-*
fender, the Church for *her Upholder*, the Army
 for *their Leader*, the Oppressed and Wandering
 for *their Avenger*, the Confederacy for *their*
Bond of Concord, and all Europe for *the Ar-*
biter of her Peace and Wars. And while we
 singly

singly pray that all Things Lucky and Prosperous may attend your Enterprizes, we wish that by the same means all Things may Prosperously and Fortunately befall Your Kingdoms, *this Our Republick, all the Christian Churches, our Selves, our Wives, our Children, and our Posterity.* In the mean time we also implore this Advantage to our selves from the Death of your Dear *MARY*, that where-ever we contemplate that *Most Accomplish'd Image of all Vertue and Perfection*, so far as Mortality would allow, Her *LIFE* and *DEATH* may to every one of us, be Guides to *Heaven.*

D I X I.

Books

Books lately Printed for John Dunton.

Some Remarkable Passages in the Life and Death of our late Majesty, not hitherto made publick, as they were delivered in a Funeral Oration; pronounced by Publick Authority, in the Hall of the most Illustrious States, upon the Day of the Royal Obsequies, March 5. 1694. By Francis Spanheimius, F. R. chief Professor of the Academy of Leyden. Done into English from the Latin Original.

A Sermon upon the Death of the Queen of England, Preached in the Walloon-Church at the Hague, Feb. 6. 1695. upon these words, Acts 9. 36, 37. There was at Joppa a certain Disciple whose name was Tabitha, which signifies DORTAS, who was full of Good Works, and the Acts which she did. It happened in those days that she fell sick and dy'd. By Isaac Claude, Minister of the Walloon-Church. Done into English from the Second Edition Printed in French.

Leopoldine Sacerdote. A Pindarick Poem Occasion'd by the Death of that most excellent Prince, our late Gracious Sovereign Lady Mary the Second, of Glorious Memory. By Henry Hook, Curate of Wemsworth in Yorkshire.

The History of all Religions in the World, from the Creation down to this present time, in 2 parts; the first containing their Theory, and the other, relating their Practises. By W. Turner, M. A. and Vicar of Walberton in Sussex. Price bound 6 s.

The First and Second Volumes of the French book of Martyrs, published in English with her Majesty's Royal Privilege. Price 20 s. The Third and Fourth Volumes, containing all the Persecutions of Lewis the fourteenth, will be also done into English soon after the said Volumes are published in Holland.

The Tigurine Liturgy, published with the approbation of Six Reverend Bishops.

Dr. Burnhogg's Essay upon Reason, and the Nature of Spirits dedicated to Mr. Lock. Price 2 s. 6 d.

The Works of the Right Honourable Henry late L. Delamer, price bound 5 s. Malbranch's Search after Truth, compleat, in Two Volumes, in Octavo.—The Second Part of this work was lately published, to which is added the Author's Defence against the Accusations of Monsieur de la Ville; also the Life of Father Malbranch, of the Oratory at Paris; with an Account of his Works, and several particulars of his controverſie with Monsieur Arnaud, Dr. of Sorbon, and Monsieur Regu, Professor in Philosophy at Paris. Written by Monsieur Le Vassier, lately come over from Paris: both Volumes done out of French from the last Edition, by Mr. Saulx, Author of the New Treatise of Algebra, both Volumes 10 s.

Bishop Barlow's Genuine Remains, containing near an hundred distinct subjects, Theological, Philosophical, Historical, &c. Published from his Lordship's Original Papers, by Sir Peter Pett, Kt. Advocate General for the Kingdom of Ireland. Price bound 6 s.

Dr. Becker's Examination of the common Opinions concerning Spirits, Apparitions, their Nature, Powers, Administration and Operations; as also the Effects men are able to produce by their Communication.

A Detention of the Court and State of England, during the 4 last Reigns, and the Interregnum; consisting of secret Memoirs, &c. with Observations and Reflections; Also an Appendix, discovering the present state of the Nation; in two Volumes; by Roger Coke, Esq; Price bound 8 s.

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A Practical Discourse on Thes. 3. 7. by *John Branden*, Rector of *St. James's*.

A Treatise of Fornication, by *W. Barlow*, Rector of *Chilgrave*.

The Divine Captain *Charabaz's* 4. in a Sermon Preached by *Edm. Hilderkingal*, Rector of *All Saints* in *Colchester*.

The Frailty and Uncertainty of the life of Man, delivered in a Sermon at the Funeral of a Person that died suddenly, by the Reverend *Mr. W. Duff*.

A Practical Discourse upon Col. 3. 5. by *R. Carr*, Vicar of *Stanton*.

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